

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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MEDICAL CHARITIES.

"PARIS talks of free doctors, with salaries paid by the city," is a little paragraph running the rounds of our papers. One would suppose anything but the truth. Invalids feel tempted to emigrate thither immediately, and visions of a new year, without a New Year's bill, begin to float before the imaginations of the fathers of the families of our cities, where bills are—well, bills; for no adjectives are requisite to convey an idea, at the present gold rates, of the value of eminent medical talent.

There is no basis for any such dream. Dr. Sims, who spent a consecutive week at St. Cloud, in attendance upon the Empress (this was before she fell off the camel), gives us the

idea that such halcyon days had not arrived in that (otherwise) Paradise of the world. Even Felaton is not presumed to have gone to Rome for his own health—or that of the Pope's—for nothing. No. Doctors like to feed, and to be feed also.

The truth of the matter is, we presume, little more, than that, at this rather late date, the French of Paris are about adopting something like our dispensary system, which, unfortunately, very many of our citizens know little about.

There are some half dozen of these humanitarian institutions now in full operation. To each are attached ten or twenty of the ablest, from the young physicians and surgeons of the city, who divide up the various diseases into

classes, and each, for an hour or two each day, give their services, gratuitous, to any that may demand them. The institution also furnishes, free of cost, all medicines and medical appliances that may be needed by the applicant.

Besides these, there are a smaller corps (paid, indeed, but very inadequately), who attend to those whose infirmities or illness is so severe as to prevent their coming to the institution; and thus the city is districted, and a physician of competent ability and recognized character is in daily attendance upon all the sick poor of this great metropolis, who may ask for this relief.

This charity, upon the part of the medical profession of this city, if estimated pecuniarily, is undoubtedly greater than that of any class

of men in the same space, and even surpasses, as accurate figures have shown, the aggregate sum collected by the clergy, for all charitable purposes, during the same time.

The doctors, however, are not wholly charitable in their aims in this dispensary service. This practice redounds not a little to their own advantage, for the experience they attain is of great value. The large amount of disease here concentrated offers a field for study of inestimable value—so great, that the places are eagerly sought for; and thus the best and most promising of the young men of the city are usually selected, and fill the posts. It may, indeed, be argued that their superiority consists from having obtained these opportunities, and not from any original higher natural



NEW YORK STATE—THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS, AT LENOX, MADISON COUNTY—A FEMALE MEMBER, IN HER USUAL COSTUME, PRESENTING REFRESHMENTS TO VISITORS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 38.

capacity. Scarcely one of the leading medical men of this city to-day but has gone through this school of practice, and the fact of being attached to a dispensary is, in truth, a brevet-diploma.

Paris has, for many years, had, in addition to its admirable hospital system, a species of dispensary attached to each, with rooms and appliances, where the poor might come for advice from the attaches to the hospital. The present movement is doubtless to add to this a system of house visitation, similar to that above described as existing with us, and which, for many years, has done good service.

The addition is far less important than it would seem, for the manners of living in Paris are so different from what exist here, that there will be comparatively few to be benefited. Those who are only slightly ill can go, as heretofore, for advice; and those really sick will mostly go into the wards of the hospitals. Home comforts are quite unknown in Paris, as the meals of hundreds of thousands are obtained at restaurants, their time spent in *cafés*, reading-rooms, theatres, concerts, etc., so that the actual *chez lui* of the lower classes means but their sleeping-place.

Thus it would seem as if we were rather ahead than behind-hand in charity and philanthropy. In one thing we could improve. We could improve our hospital and dispensary systems, both. Good as they are, they could be made much better, and their medical staffs be more honestly representative of the best talent of the city.

We have said that the places of physician and surgeon of the dispensaries are sought for; those of the large hospitals are more so. They are especially held by the professors in the medical schools, as advertisement of, and lecture material for, teaching the numerous students who flock here for medical instruction.

The places are often given, by favoritism, to the nephews and relatives of the ruling authorities—trustees or governors, as they may be called. Make but these places a reward of superior ability, evidenced by suitable competitive examinations, and not avouched by uncles or "our school" professors only; make the prizes open game, to be awarded openly and fairly to the best men, as proved by public examinations, in a free fight; and then the name of a New York hospital doctor will ring throughout the continent, as did of yore the name of the victor in the Olympian games, and the parchment recording this successful competition will be better worth framing to hang in the doctor's office than the diploma, which cost little beside the college fees when it was granted.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are imposters.

RELIABLE FROM CUBA.

A long and startling letter from General James Watson Webb, lately our Minister in Brazil, is published in the daily papers. It is dated from Havana, and gives us, probably, the only reliable account we have yet had of the actual situation of affairs in Cuba. In the first place, it shows that the agent of the Associated Press in the island, through whom all the telegraphic intelligence comes, is a disreputable and unprincipled person; an ex-runner for a Havana hotel, who was a Southern spy in New York, during the riots, and who is, body and soul, the tool of the Spanish authorities. Consequently, the telegraphic news with which our people are treated is not misrepresentation alone, but misrepresentation intensified by zeal. General Webb thinks the systematic falsehoods and concealments of this fellow have had a bad effect on the American Government and people, and he sets himself earnestly at work to let us know "the truth about Cuba."

General Webb states that the Spanish authorities in Havana are amazed at the conduct of the American and Spanish governments in regard to Cuba, and at the ignorance in which both contrive to keep themselves involved as to the true state of affairs there. They cannot conceive how the United States, with her traditions and interests, fails to interfere, and they wonder why Spain protracts a hopeless contest. These authorities admit that they are powerless in the island, and are living in danger of their lives, under a Reign of Terror, in which the so-called volunteers rule supreme. General Webb states that "the most prominent personage in Havana, next to the Captain-General," said to him, after giving him the full particulars of the recent shooting, without trial, of two Americans and twenty distinguished Cubans, at Santiago: "Would to God, General Webb, that your government at Washington, and the government in Madrid,

could be undeceived and brought to a knowledge of the true state of affairs in this island."

General Webb speaks of the Captain-General as an honorable man, who would really be glad to practice some degree of humanity, and protect foreigners, but is absolutely powerless to do so in face of the murderous mob of volunteers, whom he describes as made up, for the most part, of Spanish convicts and desperadoes, who make no disguise of their purpose of taking the head of the representative of the Spanish Government, if he ventures to oppose their bloody purposes. One of their purposes is the destruction of the foreigners—particularly Americans—and the wholesale assassination of all the native Cubans within their reach. We quote General Webb's explicit statement:

"Some two weeks ago, between three hundred and four hundred volunteers assembled, and openly discussed the propriety of at once massacring all the Cubans in the city. The pending proposition was, to designate three volunteers for every house occupied by a Cuban, whose duty it should be, on a named night, at the same hour, to perpetrate the general massacre. The more prudent said: 'Not now; but if, at any time within sixty days, the cause of the Cubans gains strength, or receives aid from foreign nations, then we will adopt your suggestion, and carry it into effect.' Another suggested the vengeance of the Captain-General. The response was: 'If he dares to meddle with our work, we'll treat him as we did Dulce, except that we will take his head as well as his office.'"

Of the barbarity of these incarnate fiends, General Webb writes:

"I am told, on authority which I cannot doubt, that the scenes of barbarity which occur daily, and every day, are absolutely incredible, except to the people of this island. Cubans are shot down and killed, and whole families daily exterminated, without even the pretense of an excuse. Soldiers passing along amuse themselves by shooting all they meet, and the horrors daily perpetrated surpass belief. It is estimated that at least 30,000 have thus been slaughtered without arms in their hands."

Then follows the following instance:

"A Cuban planter in the Central Department, who proclaimed his neutrality, and who worked fifty negroes, was visited by a small band of insurgents, who demanded some dinner. He promptly supplied them, well knowing they would help themselves, if necessary. They then demanded a suit each of his clothing in store for his negroes, but telling him, at the same time, that they did not intend to meddle with the \$10,000 in gold they knew to be in the house. He yielded, and gave them nine suits, each of which had his initials worked on the jacket. They departed, and on the same afternoon had a brush with a company of Spanish soldiers. One insurgent was killed, and one taken prisoner. The Spanish officer in command inquired where the new clothing was procured, and being informed, marched his command to the planter's house. The Cuban frankly admitted the facts, but pleaded that he acted under compulsion. He was asked the number of his family, he himself being a man of fifty. He answered, his aged father and mother, and a female cousin of his own age. He was ordered to call them. He did so; and, within five minutes, they were all shot! The junior officer of the company reported the captain on his return to headquarters; but there existed no authority which dared to punish him, even if the desire existed."

The number of persons in insurrection, well armed, is about 20,000, and as many more carry pikes, machetes, scythes, and similar inefficient weapons. In reply to a question by General Webb, an intelligent volunteer officer said, "If 100,000 rifles were to find their way to the insurgents, there would be no lack of men to use them, and Havana would fall in a fortnight." Forty-five thousand troops have been sent from Spain, and the revolution, so far from being subdued, is spreading through the Central, and has, as we this moment hear, broken out in the Western department.

These statements of General Webb are strikingly confirmed by a late letter from one of the Cuban generals, General Cavada, and by the recent outrage on Mr. Phillips, American Consul at Santiago. This latter gentleman reported to the State Department the facts connected with the shooting of American citizens at that place, and his report was laid, with other papers, before Congress and printed. As soon as it became known in Santiago, he was arraigned by the volunteers, and even after, under compulsion, disclaiming the report as not authentic, had to escape in a French vessel, to save his life! In several other instances, as we all know, American citizens have been obliged to take refuge aboard British, and other vessels, to escape outrage and death.

We have, apparently, no war-ships in Cuban waters. They are all busy in "protecting" Santo Domingo, and in "demonstrating" against the negro assassins of Hayti.

NOTES ABOUT FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY, that has just bid us adieu, for 1870, has often been spoken of as "being warm," and many pronounced it "very uncommon." It is true, there was not much snow after the first storm, on the 8th, and the ice-companies were shaking, if not from cold, from the want of it, and from the prospect of a collapse of their portmanteaus. Yet, upon a careful comparison of the temperatures of month with those of the same month for the preceding ten years, it is seen that, with the exception of 1868, it was colder than any of them, and the mean was 2.26° lower than the average of those years. The mean average of the ten years was 33.06°; while for February, 1870, it was 30.79°; February, 1868, was 22.97°, or 7.82° colder.

It began with the thermometer at 28.7°; declined to 17.5° on the 4th; rose to its maximum on the 18th, 52.2°; from that it fell, and on the 22d, it was at 11°, the minimum; then varied till the month ended, at 36.6°. The greatest daily range was 21.4° on the 20th; the least was 3°, on the 8th, when snow fell nearly all day.

In 1861, February, the thermometer was at 62.3°, giving 10° difference from 1870 (52.2°); in 1860, the mercury was 7.7° below zero; in 1870, 11° above—a difference of 18.7°; 1861, was 3.1° below zero also, and had the highest mean—viz., 37.69°.

The moisture of February, 1870, varied from 30.3° to 100° (or full saturation), and the mean was 69.7°, or more than two-thirds moisture. The mean moisture for the ten preceding Februaries was 65.64°.

The quantity of water from rain and melted snow was 4.47 inches, which was very near the average for the ten years mentioned. In February, 1866, 10.09 inches fell.

February, 1870, has been very favorable for the poor people in this city in respect of fuel, and the health of the city and vicinity has been good.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

It appears from official and other data that, during the past nine years—that is to say, since the commencement of the late war—the amount of the precious metals imported and produced, in the United States, has been \$723,400,000, while the total amount exported has been \$520,000,000, showing an aggregate increase, in coin and bullion, in the country, since 1860, of \$203,400,000. In 1860, it is estimated, the amount of coin in the country was \$150,000,000; so that now we must have, of gold and silver, not far from \$350,000,000, or more than double the amount we had ten years ago. In this statement we have taken no account of the receipts coming in the hands of emigrants, nor yet of the amounts taken out by travelers; first, because there is no reliable data by which to estimate either current; and next, because it may be considered highly probable that the two movements about evenly offset each other.

SPAIN recognized the "belligerency" of the South in just sixty-three days after the bloodless assault on Fort Sumter. Seventeen months have elapsed since the patriots of Cuba struck their first blow for independence, and we hesitate to recognize the fact of "belligerency" in Cuba, or to award the Cubans "belligerent rights!" And yet, according to an official statement published in *La Iberia*, a Madrid journal, the Spanish army in Cuba, on December 26th, 1869, amounted to 107,400 men, distributed as follows: Infantry, 56 battalions, 52,400 men; artillery, 4 battalions and 64 guns, 2,000 men; cavalry, 25 squadrons, 7,500 men; engineers, one battalion, 1,500 men; marines, four battalions, 4,000 men; and volunteers engaged in garrison duty, 40,000 men. The losses of the Cubans, from October 10, 1868, to December 31, 1869, compiled from official dispatches published in the *Diario de la Marina*, the Government organ in Havana, amounted to 62,359 men, distributed as follows: killed, 18,696; wounded, 19,292; prisoners, 2,291; ransomed 3,842; surrendered, 18,258. Among the materials or war and other articles captured are 13,763 horses, 61 cannon, 5,515 muskets, 100,000 cartridges. If this is not war, what is it? If this does not indicate "belligerency," what does, or can?

On the theory that in order to convict criminals it is necessary to be sure that the evidence against them, in the chape of witnesses, shall not take unto themselves legs and walk away, we have devised a mode of ensuring their appearance at the proper time and place. So we lock them up in the "House of Detention," which is only another name for a prison, while it not unfrequently happens that the assumed criminal is allowed to walk away on ball, "straw" or otherwise. We cannot better enforce the farcicality and cruelty of this arrangement than by copying the following paragraph from our sprightly contemporary, *The Sun*:

"Three months ago, Harmon A. Block, a poor German emigrant, was robbed of \$307 by the Hon. John Leary, a gentleman commanding some political influence. Mr. Leary was arrested, and immediately released on bail. The poor German was thrown into the dismal House of Detention, and there he has remained ever since. The case was called for trial in the Court of General Sessions, but the trial was postponed. Mr. Leary walked off with his political friends, and the poor German was remanded to prison. Meanwhile, his wife and children are starving in Hamburg. Is there any city but New York in the United States where a robber is released, and his victim sent to prison?"

It is almost incredible that, in this second decade of the last half of the nineteenth century, there should be any question as to the propriety of opening our public libraries and parks to the people on Sunday! As observed by a Boston contemporary, "In a city like ours, with a large and increasing number of men and women,

young and in middle life, without fixed homes, shut out by their employments from public institutions on week-days, and by necessity or by choice from the ordinary means of worship or of recreation on Sunday, we cannot doubt that the opening of the libraries, for reading and consultation, during a portion of that day, would be welcomed by many, and would be the means of doing material good. Scores of gentlemen now read their newspapers at the clubs, and other places of allowed resort; and scores of hundreds read, at their own firesides, the newspaper left at their doors Sunday morning, the last review brought from the publishers, or the book borrowed from the library the night before, and think they are doing no wrong. Surely, those who are denied this comfortable privilege may reasonably ask that some equivalent shall be made to them."

THE whirligig of Time has never brought about its revenges with more picturesque effect than by bringing a colored Member for Mississippi, Mr. Revels, to that same place in the Senate which was last occupied by Mr. Jefferson Davis. Mr. Revels took his seat on the 26th of February, being admitted by "a strict party vote" of 48 to 8, and made his "maiden speech" on the 16th of March. He is the first negro who ever sat in Congress, and has reached the Senate at a single step. Ten years ago, when Mr. Buchanan was still President of the United States, and the South hardly yet prepared even for Secession, Mr. Revels was one of those "weak things of the world, and things which are not," which God has called to confound the mighty things of the world, and to bring to naught the things which are. Surely the deliverance of Israel from Egypt itself was not more conspicuously a work of Divine power—or more conspicuously disregarded as a sign by the generation which witnessed it.

A Mr. Cook, a professional billiard-player, in England is said to have worked a revolution in the manufacture of billiard-tables. It is of no use to play with him, or anybody like him, for he can invariably pocket the red ball at the first stroke, and on one occasion did so 394 times in succession. Skill like that reduces billiards to a single stroke, and it has, therefore, been decided at a conference of players and table-makers, to put the "spot" an inch nearer to the top cushion, reduce the width of the pockets from 3 1-2 inches to 3 inches, to square the corners, and increase the diameter of the balls to 2 1-16 inches. Would it not have been simpler and easier to alter the rules, and forbid more than one "spot stroke" in succession?

THE British officer corresponding in position with our Secretary of the Navy, has announced his purpose to make the British navy "superior to any possible combination of the fleets of other nations." He proposes to build forty iron-clad men-of-war, the largest, most powerful, and swiftest in the world; with 61,000 men, of whom 16,000 are marines; and a reserve of 37,000 more, for \$46,000,000 a year. He promises, moreover, to build, at the rate of 13,000 tons of armor-clad vessels a year, until the fleet numbers sixty. Will Mr. Robeson and Congress make a note of that?

THE *Jornal da Tarde*, a Brazilian paper, announces the death of M. Gottschalk in terms which would not have disgraced any of the "ablest writers" of our beloved country. It said: "The great artist is dead. One more Levite for the Temple of Immortality; one more star to shine in the firmament of the elect of God. Still are sounding in our ears the echoing harmonies of that final concert—last song of the dying swan, solemn and majestic as the sound of his own fame. Son of that giant country which will yet dictate laws to the world. Gottschalk was a universal celebrity."

MR. ROBERT BROWN, commander of the first Vancouver Exploring Expedition, in a paper "On the Coal-fields of the North Pacific Coast," concludes, that though there are abundant supplies of tertiary coal on the North Pacific, the only beds fitted for steaming purposes are those of the British possessions. Where's Seward? Where's Alaska?

APROPPOS of Chief-Justice Chase's decision as to the legal tender, the *Boston Transcript* says: "The man whose face is on what the Supreme Court calls 'irredeemable paper currency' has some 'cheek' to turn his back on his portrait. No man ever pronounced against his own issue to the extent of Chief-Justice Chase."

THE Colonial policy of Great Britain has lately given rise to much discussion in Parliament, but more particularly in the House of Lords, when the debate showed, as the belief of that body, that Canada could not be defended against invasion by the United States; that there was little or no chance of such invasion;

that the presence of British troops would rather be an incentive than a deterrent, and that they would be more likely to grace an American triumph than to repel an American inroad.

HOW SHALL WE EDUCATE?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

PEOPLE generally have a very incorrect idea respecting education. It seems to originate in childhood, which is continued in schools, and is, in a very considerable degree, the result of improper ideas there inculcated, and in themselves the necessary concomitant and necessity of imperfectly educated teachers.

We hear children talking together, and boastfully telling one another how many branches they were studying, and how far in the books they had proceeded; complaining of their hard fate, when put back to the beginning, when found that they had gone over the book, but that the ideas of the book had not gone into them. Their teachers and parents are satisfied if they answer the questions, without any regard to their comprehension of the subject treated.

Children have the faculty of memory very strong, but in proportion as they are able to commit, so as to recite *verbatim*, long passages, in the same proportion the memory is transitory, and fades away, till, in a few years, they are absolutely ignorant of the abstruse science—proficiency in the verbal answers—which once carried them to the head of their classes.

Dr. Walker, of Harvard University, was unwilling to have his students reply to a question in the words of the author, for if the student was able to frame his reply in his own language, he evidently must know the ideas apart from the verbiage.

First scholars in college, as well as in schools, are very apt to be gifted with fine memories, and this faculty, which has placed them at the head of their classes, is insufficient to keep them in advance of their fellows in the struggle of life; for it is noted that the first scholars very rarely make any figure in after-life—like, as horsemen notice, promising colts, that are rarely first-rate horses.

Most of the great men of the world in the past were those whose early life was cramped, they found few books in their fathers' scanty library, but these were carefully read and re-read, and thoroughly digested. The great Velpeau, who, from a blacksmith at twenty-two, became the most erudite and eminent practical and scientific surgeon in Europe, had not more than half a dozen old volumes as the basis of his studies, and the incentive to thought.

Indeed, some of the most distinguished and sound men have thought that public schooling should be limited to reading, writing and arithmetic, because these, being the roots of all knowledge, all else can be acquired easily, if there be but the will to do it. It is but just to these thinkers that they also desired that this education should be compulsory upon every child in the country.

What is eminently desirable in teaching is the art of making the pupil think for himself—to understand to the bottom the why and the wherefore of every proposition. And because this is not present in certain forms of teaching (in the Jesuit schools of the world more especially) is the reason why they are so objectionable in a free country, where every one has a personal and direct influence in the government. The habit of accepting dogmas of any kind, unquestioned, prepares the man, or the nation thus educated to be the slave or the tool of the teacher.

In education of the mind, to make a real, entire man, we do not wish to act as mechanics are educated to attain to a faculty of doing a very small thing with absolute perfection. We may succeed in making a perfect pin by confining one man entirely to the head, another to making the wire, and a third to perfecting the point. This is the way to make pins, but not to make men; the human being is belittled, and his mind and faculties dwarfed. The man who can make the entire pin, although the pin itself is inferior, is the superior man; for his intelligence is increased, and he has acquired the knowledge of other and varied instrumentalities. Thus, a cobbler is a man of superior mental capacity to a mere boot-maker, and a ward of all work of far greater mental capacity than a mere "up-stair girl," or even than the mechanical laundress or cook.

Specialists, whether in pin-making, in the service of the house, or in medicine, where its advantages are so much vaunted, should be the result of accident rather than design. The pin-maker should not strive for the merit to make heads or points, the servant not to be a cook, nor the medical man an oculist, but each should commence to work, and let the speciality result from a natural adaptation. First be a mechanic or a thorough medical man, then let chance, taste or natural capacity dictate the speciality.

The reason why so many specialists are little superior to the ordinary practitioner is, because they started to practice this or that branch of the healing art because it was lucrative, or because there was an apparent lack of practitioners in that department. These men never see the analogies of symptoms, and thus give some reason for the derogatory remarks, that if the patient has a corn on his toe, the specialist ascribes all the trouble to his throat or kidneys, according to the locality of his speciality. Had the doctor been a general practitioner in earlier days, and had seen how often the symptoms of one disease simulates those of another quite different disorder, he never would make these blunders, which both injure his reputation, and have a very injurious effect upon the reputation of the profession.

The true method of educating the young is not so much to teach him certain facts, ideas, languages, but to learn him how to study, as

you would teach a man, not so much how to make a door, as how to shove a jack-plane or swing an ax.

It is often a source of wonder to see the lawyer cross-question a professional man, an expert witness. He seems to be a thorough mechanic to-day; to-morrow, an engineer, and the next a veterinary surgeon. In reality, he knows but little, if anything, of these subjects, but has learnt how to study, and he is capable of acquiring any information he may desire, for he knows where to seek for the desired information, and how to read so as to make it available.

This is the great reason alleged for the study of the ancient languages, and the higher mathematics, in college, which avail so little in after life. They have answered, as the scales have done, to develop the finger or the voice and give correct technic to the musician, so that, in the future there may be no hesitation in playing an intricate musical passage. The modern idea is to save this supposed waste of time, and so, for example, to learn German, in the period now alleged to be wasted in Greek and Hebrew. Upon the same principle, the horseman, while developing the speed of his three-year old, would carry a small grist to mill.

The greatest acquirement that a man can learn is how to think, to weigh evidence. A man thus educated has some settled opinions—he is not the sport of every frothy orator, or deceived by every impostor, with his political or social theories, his nostrums, his advertisements, his hired puffs. He never expects something from nothing.

In short, the great teachings of the world should be to develop the faculties of the child, not to put certain amounts of knowledge into his head, about matters which may never, in his after life, be of the slightest utility. If Latin and Greek or a gymnasium will best effect this end, they should be used, for man is rather a machine-shop than a lumber-room; something should come out of him, rather than he be made a mere receptacle.

BOOK NOTICES.

HEDGED IN. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

One of the best religious novels of the day. Though without the peculiar views of the future life that constituted the attraction of "The Gates Ajar," this work is deserving of equal popularity.

THE SUM. By A. GUILLEMIN. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Another volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders." Tells, in a style adapted to all but astronomers and philosophers, everything that is known about the sun at the present day.

UP BROADWAY, AND ITS SEQUEL. By ELEANOR KIRK. New York: Carlton.

Substantially a plea for increased facility of divorce, supported by the narration of exceptional and extreme cases, in which are depicted the evils arising from imprudent and ill-assorted marriages, many of which, in the opinion of the author, might be remedied by amendments of the laws regulating marriage.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.: the Seventh and Eighth volumes of "Froude's History of England." Four volumes more will complete the work.

From VINTAGE & YONSTON: the January and February numbers of "The Art Journal," with the usual variety of fine engravings on wood and steel.

From T. B. PETERSON & Bros.: "Helen and Arthur," and "Courtship and Marriage," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz; also, "Hans Breitmann in Church."

From Hovey & Co., of Boston: "An Illustrated Guide to the Flower and Vegetable Garden." Full of engravings.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—The Grand Ball at the Hotel de Ville, in Honor of the Archduke of Austria.

During the recent visit of the Archduke Albert of Austria to the French capital, he was not only received at the Tuilleries with demonstrations of pleasure by Louis Napoleon and family, but by the less pretentious Parisian society. *Fetes* of unusual splendor were given in his honor; and among not the least imposing of these was the ball tendered him on the night of the 17th ult., by the Prefet of the Seine, at the Hotel de Ville, which has since been referred to, by the newspapers of the capital, as the most brilliant event of its kind that has been given this season at the instance of the government of the city. At the reception in the Hotel de Ville there were, as guests, the members of the Imperial family, the most exalted dignitaries, civil and military, of the empire, and representatives of foreign States.

France.—The Extreme Left of the French Chamber of Deputies.

The latest number to hand of the *Illustration Journal Universel* gives a large engraving, which we accurately reproduce in a reduced form, of *La Gauche*, or the "Left," as the Liberalists' benches are technically called, of the Corps Legislatif. These members are not of one mind as to the future of France. In the lower seats are the mildly republican, while the "irreconcilables"—among them Messrs. Raspail and Rochefort—are on an upper seat. Near these are the "furious destructives," Gambetta, Lery, Bancel, etc. M. Garnier-Pages is seen in the middle aisle addressing the body on some question of little moment, judging from the inattention of those immediately near him—certainly not on one that aims at the destruction of the empire.

England.—Lectures on Iron Work, South Kensington Museum, London.

The British workman is greatly assisted by the lectures which are delivered in his interest, at stated periods, in the museum at South Kensington, and other well-known institutions in London. It is evident that the more intelligent mechanics of the British metropolis appreciate these lectures, for they are well attended, and always by those who are noted for intelligence, sobriety and industry. Lectures, gratuitously given, such as these South Kensington Museum ones, to the artisan classes of New York, in further-

ance of their professions, would, we are convinced, be appreciated and gladly attended, as witness the interest taken, every season, in those elucidatory of geology, chemistry, etc., at the Cooper Union. The engraving illustrates a lecture—one of six—given to workmen, and others, upon the subject of ornamental iron work, and the artistic treatment of that metal in its manufacturing processes, especially of that which is forged or wrought.

The Strangers' Home, on the Thames, London.

Among the benevolent institutions of which the British metropolis can proudly boast is the handsome and commodious building in West India Dock Road, Limehouse, London, belonging to the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders. A London Journal says of it: The institution was founded in 1856, under the patronage of the Prince Consort, and established at a cost of £15,000, one-third of which was contributed by native Indian princes, gentlemen, or merchants, and a great part of the remainder by English gentlemen connected with the government of India, or by English merchants and shipowners concerned in the Indian trade. It offers, not gratis, but for ten or fourteen shillings a week, the comforts of a well-managed lodging and boarding-house to sailors, servants, and others, from the Eastern world, with perfect safety against the fraud, robbery and ill-treatment to which they would otherwise be exposed in London. More than five thousand persons, from India, China, East and West Africa, the Malayan peninsula and islands, and those of the South Pacific, have been sheltered in this institution. Of these, eleven hundred and twenty-four were casuals, and eleven hundred and forty-nine were destitute creatures, taken off the streets, or from hospitals, jails, and work-houses.

France.—The Country Seat of Madame George Sand, at Nohant, near Paris.

The residence of Madame Dudevant, the eccentric authoress—whose writings, published under the pseudonym of George Sand, are almost as thoroughly read and appreciated in America as in her own "la belle France"—is very pleasantly situated in a hamlet not far from Paris, called Nohant. To this pleasant "maison" the leading politicians and literary resort, and there all are placed, with that charming tact peculiar to George Sand, on a footing of the most perfect equality. The grounds are extensive, and carefully cultivated. The residence itself is exceedingly plain, externally, boasting only a ground floor and second story. Interiorly, it is richly decorated and sumptuously furnished. It is at Nohant that George Sand works to best advantage on her comedies and novels. A personal friend of the authoress thus describes the appearance and conduct of her life: George Sand, who spends half her income in charity, is past sixty-five years old, but does not seem so; her hair is thick and dark, and is worn in puffed bands. Her forehead is wide, but retreats, while her eyes are very large, limpid, and dark. She has a delicate, soft, white hand, and bestows the gentlest sort of a shake when you are introduced. She dresses in heavy black silks, without trimmings, with a rich point-lace collar, and cuffs of antique pattern. A black cashmere shawl, bordered with a deep purple founce, is worn over her shoulders, and a neat cap, with a tea-rose on top, completes her attire.

Horse Railways, in the Streets of London.

The citizens of London have long resisted the introduction of tram or horse railways. Some years ago, that most irrepressible of Americans, George Francis Train, endeavored to enlighten the British public on the delights of "cramping" horse-cars, and even succeeded in getting some rails laid on one of the main thoroughfares. Mr. Bull was indignant, and would not countenance such an innovation, preferring to ride underground, or upon the roofs of the houses, to being drawn at a jog-trot pace over the cobblestones. Mr. Train tried, first, to convince Mr. Bull of the utility of horse-cars, but, failing, undertook "the bluff game." Finding that that would not do, George retired, with his customary show of grace, from the field. Mr. Bull, finding there was none to oppose him, pondered the New York plan of transporting passengers on surface roads, and finally, through his Parliament, permitted the placing of plain rails in the streets. The cars of the Kensington-lane and Brixton Road—one of which is seen in the illustration—were built in New York, and include every improvement that can possibly add to the convenience or pleasure of the passengers. The roofs are provided with seats, and encircled by iron railings, as were those of the Second Avenue cars some half a dozen years ago, but which were abandoned as dangerous and inconvenient. Whether this class of coach will be countenanced in London, remains to be seen. The British Parliament has given a number of companies the privilege of laying rails in the streets of the metropolis; and soon, like that of New York, the car will supersede, as more convenient, the lumbering omnibus, which everywhere, everywhere, is a nuisance.

The Trial of the Pyx, at the British Mint.

This ancient ceremony connected with the Mint, for testing the purity of its work, (says the London *Graphic*), which dates as far back as the year 1345, and one of the few which the march of modern "improvement" has not swept away, took place on the 15th ultimo, and we are enabled, from a sketch taken by an officer of the Mint, to give an illustration of the first part of the proceedings, which were held in the Board-room of the Treasury. All the officials having met, the Queen's Remembrancer administered the oath to the jury, consisting of twelve foremen of the Goldsmiths' Company, "that they should well and truly try these moneys of gold and silver, and report if they said moneys be in weight and fineness according to the Queen's Standard in her Treasury for Coins." The Lord Chancellor then charged the jury, after which they adjourned to the Goldsmiths' Hall, where the coins in the Pyx were put upon their trial. The following evening the verdict of the jury, which strongly testified to the accuracy of work in the Royal Mint, was delivered by their foreman to the Lord Chancellor at Goldsmiths' Hall, and afterward the proceedings were pleasantly wound up by an entertainment. The trial Pyx is an annual custom.

Demonstration by the Unemployed Mechanics and Laborers of Madrid.

On the 24th ult., the unemployed workmen of Madrid, to the number of four thousand, with banners and music, assembled in the Prado, and passed a series of resolutions, in which they demanded immediate action by the Cortes looking to the employment, by the Government, of the idle laboring classes of the capital. The demonstration was unusually peaceable, no attempt being made to introduce politics. It is said there are, at the present time, in the city of Madrid, forty thousand persons without means of support. The number seems to be greatly exaggerated, but when it is remembered with what facility the ranks of the army and navy are filled, and expeditions of volunteers for Cuba organized at the capital, the statement may not be far from the truth.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Boston has seven theatres in full blast.

BELLINI, the baritone, is singing in Venice.

ANNA BISHOP is contemplating a farewell tour of the United States.

NILSEN is to appear at the Grand Opera, Paris, in "Robert le Diable."

THE "Humpty Dumpty Hamlet" at the Olympic is not to be withdrawn at present.

St. Louis is soon to have a performance of George F. Root's cantata, "The Haymakers."

THE sale of seats for Camilla Urso's jubilee in San Francisco, realized \$8,550 in premiums.

WAGNER is back at Munich, superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, "Walkyrie."

THE Camilla Urso Festival netted over \$19,000 for the San Francisco Mercantile Library Association.

RICHMOND, Va., has "Rosebud Concerts," in which one hundred children sing for the benefit of the orphans.

MR. DALY is to bring out, at his Fifth Avenue Theatre, a new play by Matilda Heron, entitled, "Champagne."

FRASCHINI, the tenor, is again singing in Paris. Age does not wither him. He is one of the few great tenors living.

St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, comes out with a choir of men, boys and *castrati* on Easter, to continue thenceforward.

A LAUREL wreath, made of gold, and set with pearls and diamonds, and valued at \$1,000, has been presented to Ole Bull by his California admirers.

MRS. S. HARTWELL, a blind lady, has written and composed a song, "Sunlight to the Soul," the words of which are touching, and the melody appropriate.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON troupe will appear at Niblo's Theatre, New York, April 4th, when the recent fracas in Chicago will no doubt insure them a large audience.

THE passion of King Ludwig II. for Richard Wagner's music, and his love for Wagner himself, are the most nearly intellectual traits that young monarch has shown.

MIDLE. PAULINE LUCCA is singing with great success at Berlin, as Cherubino, in the "Nozze di Figaro." Frau Mullinger is the Susanna, and Fraulein Schwartz the Countess.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS have made a hit with Herve's "Petite Faust," and now they announce Offenbach's "Lisichen and Fritzchen," in which Leon appears as Lisichen.

"LOST AT SEA" remains the sole attraction at Wallack's, and, since the sensation created by ridiculous stories about the danger of the fire scene, has drawn greater crowds than ever.

PROFESSOR RISLEY expects to bring out, at the Tammany Theatre, about the 1st of April, his troupe of Spanish dancers and gymnasts, who will give some very novel performances.

MARTH ROZE, who created the principal role in Auber's "Premier Jour de Bonheur," has become a leading attraction at the Grand Opera in Paris, and bids fair to equal Nilsen in popularity.

THE Richings-Bernard English Opera Troupe have presented "Martha," "Maritana," "Bohemian Girl," and "Crown Diamonds," at New Orleans, before very appreciative audiences.

MR. ALFRED HOLMES' five-part choral symphony, "Joan of Arc," is to be given shortly at the Paris Italian opera-house, under the direction of the composer. Midle. Kranos is to sing the principal part.

THE vivacious Morlacchi, with her talented troupe, has drawn about her, in Louisville, Ky., a large circle of admirers. Her "Undine" brought out all the sober folks of the city, so well was it appointed and acted.

MR. FRECHER has puzzled the critics of Philadelphia just as he puzzled those of New York, and while one or two laud him highly in "Hamlet," the majority of them place him below several of our own tragedians.

A GRAND concert has been in preparation at Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of the death of Berlioz, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the erection of a monument in memory of the distinguished composer.

"PREP O' DAY," the Irish drama, which created the fortunes of Mr. Edmund Falconer, and indirectly laid the foundations of the present successful management of the Drury Lane, London, has been revived at that house, and received with much enthusiasm.

MR. J. S. CLARKE closed his London engagement, March 8, after a brilliant season. He was sent for by the Prince of Wales, and personally complimented, after his closing performance. He will make his first appearance at Booth's in "Everybody's Friend."

MR. EDWIN BOOTH's charming representation of Prince Hamlet, having enjoyed a run of eleven weeks, has given way to "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," with Mr. Booth as Sir Giles Overreach; and "The Lady of Lyons," with the favorite in the rôle of Claude Melnotte.

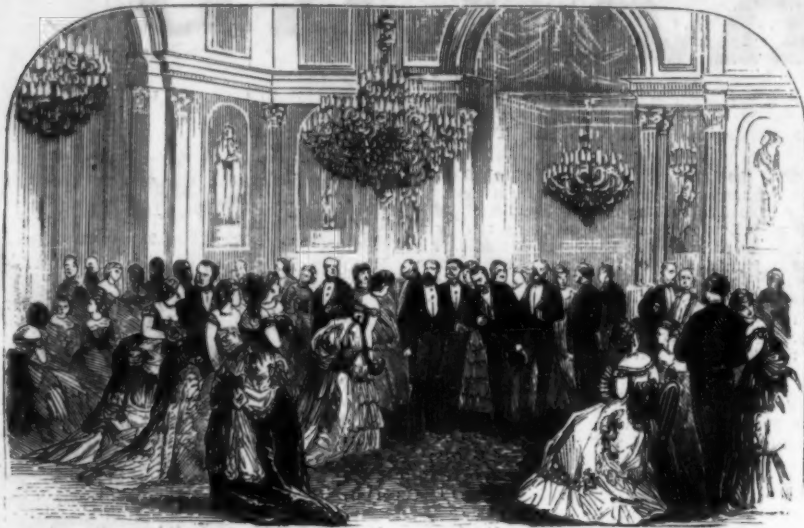
THE charming little comedienne, Lotta, commenced a three weeks' engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst., appearing as the Little Detective, in the protean drama of that name. She enacted her part with the vivacity and sprightliness that characterizes her acting.

FANNY JANAUSSCHEK, the celebrated German actress, writes: "My life is now very quiet. I continue my studies of the English language. My friends say I am able now to make my appearance on the stage; but I am still a little timid, and will not take an engagement in an American Theatre before next autumn. I intend to spend this spring in Germany for the restoration of my health, and will then return to New York the next June."

"THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS" continues to attract crowded houses to the Grand Opera House, and can be set down as a hit, that promises to enjoy a good run. On the 7th inst., the "Demon Can-can" was given at the close of the first act, in which sixteen *corpses*, dressed as demons in red tights, danced with a flambeau in each hand; and as they moved about the stage and flashed the flames of fire, a most glaring and picturesque scene was witnessed.

MOZART's great work, "The Marriage of Figaro," was brought out at the New York Academy of Music, March 14th, by the Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe. The piece being a comparative novelty, and the reputation of its interpreters so well established, the audience that gathered was distinguished both for its size and acquaintance with the choicest operatic music. The plot is full of perplexing and laughable situations, from beginning to end, and the music fairly bubbles over with merriment. During the visit of the troupe, other novelties are promised, prominent ones being Weber's "Oberon" and Auber's "Black Domino."

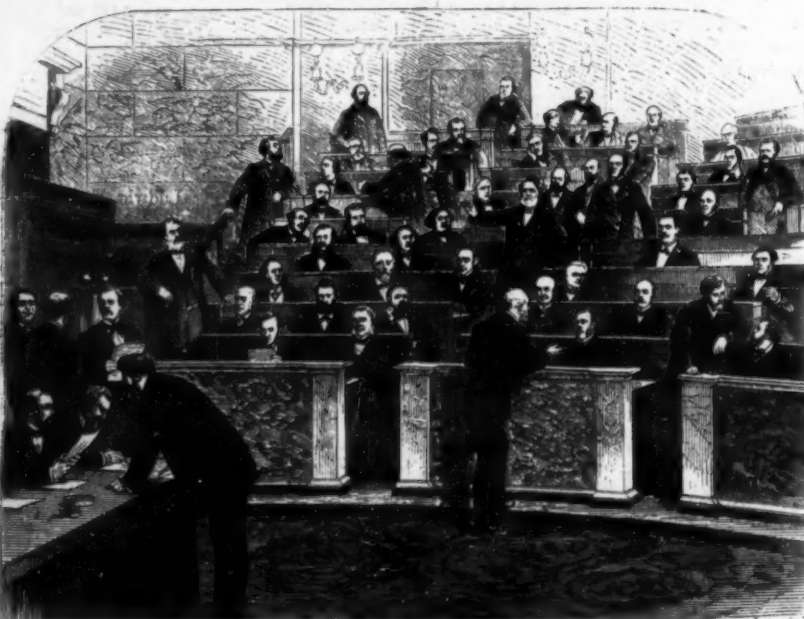
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 35.



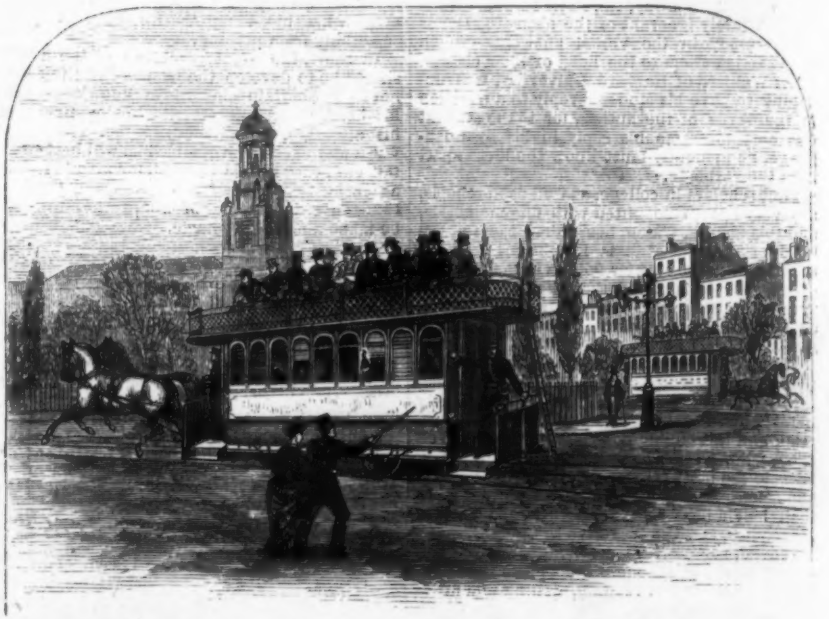
FRANCE.—GRAND BALL, GIVEN BY THE PREFET OF THE SEINE TO THE ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.



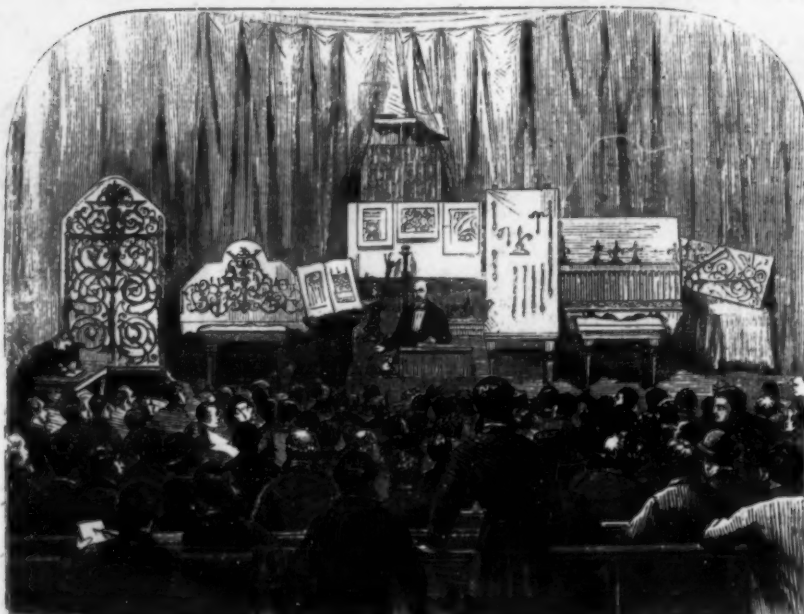
FRANCE.—THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, AT NOISY, NEAR PARIS, OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.



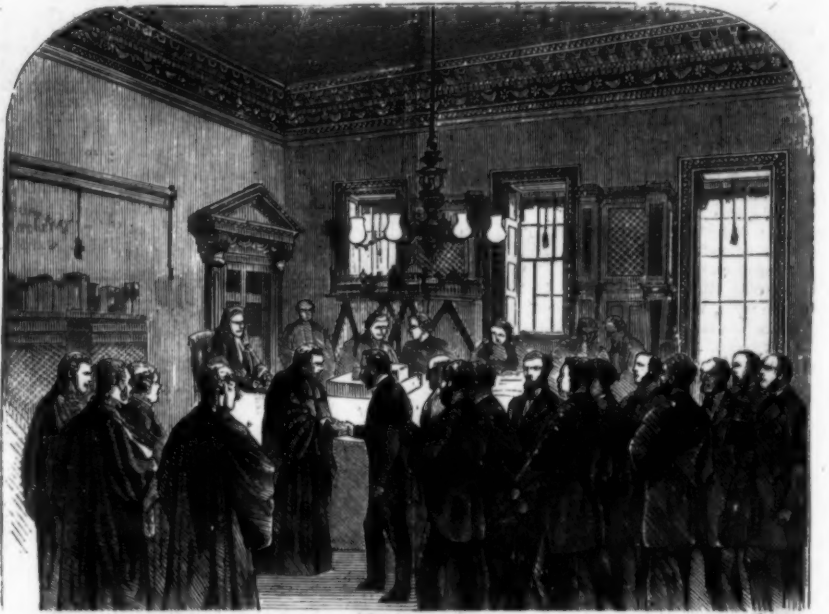
FRANCE.—THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES FOR 1870—"THE LEFT."



ENGLAND.—TRAMWAY AND HORSE-CAR IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.



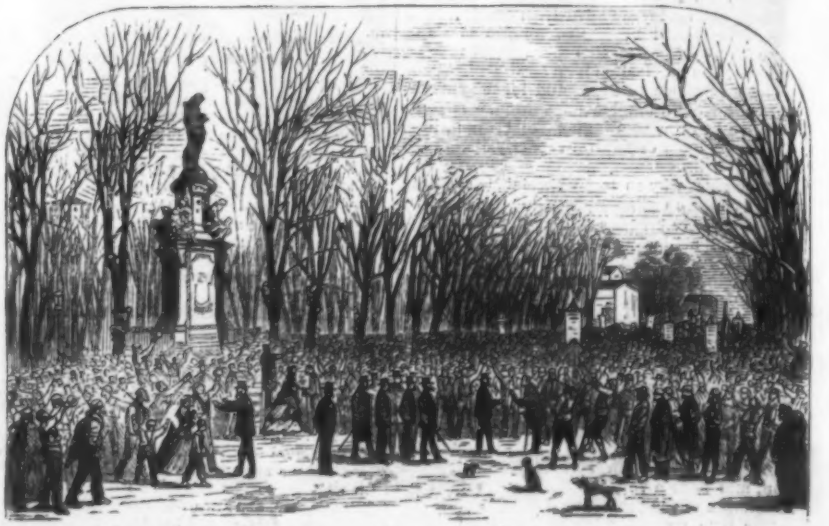
ENGLAND.—LECTURE TO MECHANICS ON ORNAMENTAL IRON-WORK, AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON.



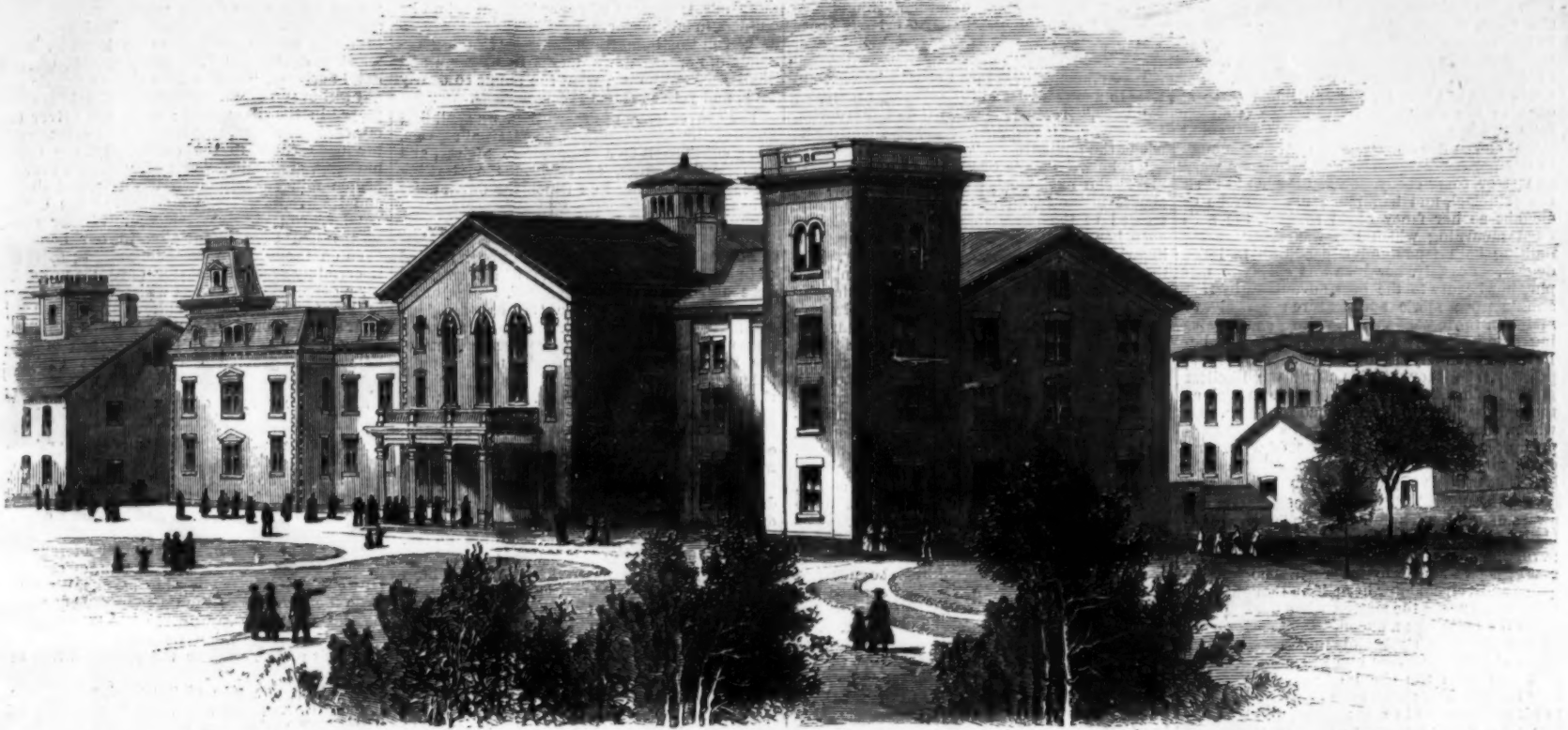
ENGLAND.—THE TRIAL OF THE FIX—SWEARING IN OF THE JURY OF GOLDSMITHS, AT THE MINT, LONDON.



ENGLAND.—THE STRANGERS' HOME, WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD, LIMEHOUSE, LONDON.



SPAIN.—DEMONSTRATION OF FOUR THOUSAND UNEMPLOYED LABORERS ON THE PRADO, MADRID.



NEW YORK STATE.—VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS OCCUPIED BY THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

WHERE?

Where shall pilgrim, worn and hoary,
On his last dear couch recline?
Under palms in southern glory?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall my form to earth be hurried
In the waste, by stranger hands?
Or on some lone coast be buried,
Sea-dirged, in the drifted sands?

Matters not! God's heaven as brightly
Will surround me there as here;
And its stars, like death-lamps, nightly
Hover o'er me, just as near?

A BARE BODKIN.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN a wealthy family becomes depressed, in worldly circumstances, below its lofty level, it usually requires all of three generations to bring it to the surface again. There must be a generation of perfect helplessness, subsisting on the relics of grandeur, and leaving absolutely nothing for those that come after them; there must be a second generation, working and bestirring itself, in some small degree, for its own existence, perhaps not always honorably, but certainly always under protest, and with a stout sense of the injustice of Fate, and much positive belief that it has a right to better things—until the third generation, ashamed and scornful of so much pretension and so little exertion, suddenly feels the blood of the founder of the family—the first old sturdy worker—bubbling in its veins, rouses itself to action, and conquers circumstance, and reinstates itself in the splendor of its ancestors.

Cecil St. Mar belonged to the second generation of such a family—once wealthy, and now in poverty. Her father had been a physician of more than average talent; but he grumbled so much at the hardship of attending to the duties of his profession, at the examination of feverish tongues, the visiting in small-pox rooms, the counting of cholera-pulses, and made such an outrageous to-do at having to issue in the middle of the night to attend any extreme case, that finally practice fell away from him—preferring, if less skillful, more

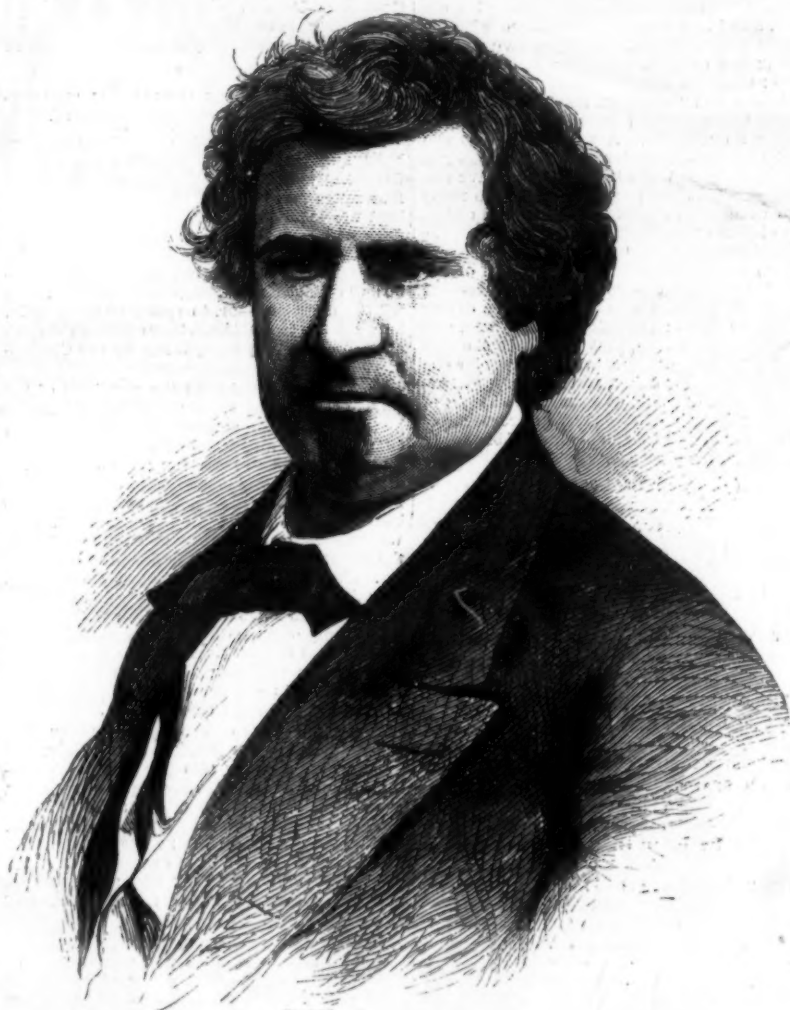
willing service—and Doctor St. Mar was left to get along as he could, and as that was no way at all, he, consequently, died. He had, though, been really attached to the theory of his profession, had freighted all its faculties with its lore, and was a living encyclopedia of its learn-

ing. It followed, as a matter of course, that his daughter Cecil, accustomed to read aloud to him ever since she could read at all—accustomed to his constant conversation on his favorite themes—should be, if not educated in the profession, at least a remarkably well-informed young woman, as regarded her own anatomy. Cecil had shown herself to be a person of such nerve, moreover—used to watch, and sometimes even to assist in any slight manner, in such operations as now and then took place at the doctor's residence—that, by a little serious study grafted upon this accidental information of hers, she might have become an excellent medical practitioner herself; but she would have shrunk from the idea of filling such a rôle as from the worst stain that could blot the escutcheon of the St. Mars, and one to which the commission of the seven deadly sins would bear but trifling comparison. At least that is the way she would have looked at it, had any one proposed the pursuit of the profession to her; as for herself, the idea of it had never crossed her mind; she was a St. Mar: the St. Mars were a great family, always used to the enjoyment of wealth. Some great wrong

wealthy—must be all she could desire. There Mr. Matthews introduced her to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Chickering Matthews, the mistress of the mansion; told Cecil that he had sold the old house for a sum whose interest would clothe her in quiet and modest fashion, and that she was welcome to a home in his house, and in return she might teach the little, Chickering Matthews children—his nieces, whose home was with himself—if that would make her any easier. Any easier! The idea was preposterous to Cecil; she did not want to be any easier. She saw, however, that the one thing necessary for her to do was to make a brilliant marriage; she had the sister-in-law's drawing-room for a base of operations, and her social circle to exercise her forces upon, and the little children had little teaching, so far as she was concerned.

Not that Cecil put her foresight and sense of what was expected of her into so many words, even mentally—she was not, indeed, sufficiently skillful to do so, nor, if artful enough, had she yet practised her art sufficiently to let her lay out plans in positive relief in her own mind. She had, indeed, only that vague understanding, shared by most young girls, that marriage was her portion, and less vaguely that it was more necessary to her than to others. Mr. Matthews himself was out of the question as a parti, both on account of his origin, his relationship, and his age. But he had made her the comfortable assurance that she should want for nothing, so that she felt safe in arraying her charms—and charms she knew they were, since her glass told her plainly enough, that, when her eyes were not swollen with crying, she was extraordinarily pretty. Pretty, though, was not the word to apply to Cecil St. Mar. Imagine that you saw a swan's throat and a shoulder of dazzling whiteness, down which dropped, from their braids and combs, raven black tresses, curling loosely in large rings; and then, that the oval of a cheek was turned on you, where the olive pallor was unrelieved by any carmine; the curve of a scarlet lip, whose corner was lost in a dimple; a profile utterly exquisite and delightful; long black lashes lying on that cheek, and, when slowly raised, displaying eyes of bewildering darkness and softness; and, over the pencilled arch of the brows, a forehead as polished and perfect as any statue's—and, after all, you would have but a faint idea of the loveliness of person possessed by Cecil St. Mar—loveliness which, while you gazed and admired, you did not warm toward, since it affected you like a dream, there seemed to be so little that was fleshy or sensuous about it, and it might so well have belonged to a piece of sculpture.

Of course there was one burst of admiration when the first guests in Mrs. Chickering Mat-



THE LATE ROBERT D. HOLMES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS.—SEE PAGE 44.



THE WINTHROP STREET M. E. CHURCH, BOSTON HIGHLANDS, REV. A. M'KREWE, PASTOR.—SEE PAGE 39.

powers to perform their duty—how they were going to do it, was no business of hers. And, as her father had lived for years on the gradual sale of the family plate and jewels and old china and general valuables, and there was hardly enough left for her to buy her mourning, and she sat in the old house, whose worm-eaten timbers were almost ready to fall before the first gale, and folded her hands, and cried and did nothing, and those powers found the responsibility thrown on them, they, accordingly, went about their duty, and performed it with alacrity, and sent to her aid her second cousin on her mother's side, Mr. Matthews, of whom the St. Mars had heard, but with whom they had never consorted—since the foundation of the Matthews' fortunes was laid in soap-boiling, though the present head of that house was a banker. Mr. Matthews, however, a grave and handsome gentleman of generous instincts, seeing the pretty piece of incapacity, and the general state of poverty with her took, her home with him to his own dwelling, without so much as asking her if she would go; and she, for her part, conscious that the house of such a man as he—educated, refined,

ing. It followed, as a matter of course, that his daughter Cecil, accustomed to read aloud to him ever since she could read at all—accustomed to his constant conversation on his favorite themes—should be, if not educated in the profession, at least a remarkably well-informed young woman, as regarded her own anatomy. Cecil had shown herself to be a person of such nerve, moreover—used to watch, and sometimes even to assist in any slight manner, in such operations as now and then took place at the doctor's residence—that, by a little serious study grafted upon this accidental information of hers, she might have become an excellent medical practitioner herself; but she would have shrunk from the idea of filling such a rôle as from the worst stain that could blot the escutcheon of the St. Mars, and one to which the commission of the seven deadly sins would bear but trifling comparison. At least that is the way she would have looked at it, had any one proposed the pursuit of the profession to her; as for herself, the idea of it had never crossed her mind; she was a St. Mar: the St. Mars were a great family, always used to the enjoyment of wealth. Some great wrong



REV. A. M'KREWE.—SEE PAGE 39.

threw's drawing-room beheld this perfect apparition, and her beauty was presently the town-talk. Invitations poured in upon her; wherever she went, people flocked after her; presently her word was gospel and her will was law, and she reigned in right royal fashion over a throng of followers, imitators, and admirers. For Cecil, with the true St. Mar spirit, had come at once to the decision that the interest on her little fund, which Mr. Matthews had thought might clothe her quietly, was not quite enough to buy her confectionery; and, without a word to him or to anybody, she had broken in upon the principal, and had made her wardrobe as elegant as her fancy could suggest, the softened mourning which she was still wearing limiting both fancy and expenditure in large degree. Possibly, her idea was simply to display her beauty to the best advantage by rich and lustrous fabric and texture; possibly, to maintain the ascendancy she saw herself gaining among her own sex, to do which, she believed, absolutely needed the superb dress; possibly, she thought this array the likeliest method of making herself attractive to such as those whose interest she wished to excite, and whom, she knew, once drawn to her by her appearance, or by the supposition of a fortune equal to their own, she could certainly retain by her charm of voice and word and manner.

Of course Mr. Matthews was completely unaware of this expenditure of Cecil's, or probably he could have made it unnecessary; he had never married, and was totally ignorant of the cost of such elegant luxuries as a wife trailing satins and velvets after her; if he thought anything at all about the matter, when Cecil moved down the room like a queen, in the dark gleam of her Antwerp silks and Italian crapes, or when she lifted toward him her smiling, beautiful face from the cloud of shadowy lace, he only thought how skillful she was, how superior to his sister-in-law in that respect, and how unlike most other women, to be able to make so imposing an appearance on so trifling an income. What a difference there was between her and the dull and dowdy Mrs. Chickering Matthews—between her and all other women, in fact! Nothing was fit for her, he saw, but such things as were the best. He never could find any gift quite suitable, till one day he came across a little dagger, whose golden handle was crusted with rubies—no new fancy, the jewellers assured him, but an heirloom of some old family, as they had reason to believe, from the way it came into their possession. "This is a bodkin for your hair," said Mr. Matthews, giving it to Cecil.

"A bodkin for my hair?" she repeated. "That is an ominous gift. Why! yes—really—yes—it is the old bodkin of Clare St. Mar that papa sold years ago! How did you find it? How could you find it?"

"I happened on it. It is a pretty bauble. You have just enough of the grand air to wear it where the weight of hair falls."

"It ought to make me tremble. They used to say Clare St. Mar killed herself with it, and bade it be kept for those to use who dishonored their blood. I suppose papa thought the day for that sort of thing was gone by. What a splendor it is! I'm not afraid of Mistress Clare's denunciation. I shall wear it. There—how is that?" And she thrust it through her hair, and so carelessly that a long tress fell shorn to the ground. "Is that the way it serves me?" she cried, in a mimic horror, plucking the bodkin out again, as one of the children caught the tress. Just at that moment a caller entered, and, in some confusion, she turned, and forgot, in welcoming him, all about that tress; while Mr. Matthews led the little girl up-stairs, taking the lock of hair away from her, as no proper plaything, and Cecil never thought of it again, and Mr. Matthews never spoke of it.

Lovers, Cecil had by the score—she considered them all with reference to their eligibility; she had a fancy that she was hard-hearted; affections impossible to arouse, and that it was out of the question to suppose she could ever wish to marry for love. But this suitor was not wealthy enough; and that suitor, though wealthy enough, was too vulgar; the third was personally disagreeable; the fourth had an undurable family; the fifth—well, there was no possible fault to find with the fifth—but as Cecil, on the evening after her refusal of him, looked at Mr. Matthews, reading beneath the lamp, with its light falling on his profile, she recognized, that in none of these lovers had there been one of the elements of soul that made that face, through their expression, so fine, so quiet, so thoroughly noble. His face must have been a beautiful one when he was young, she thought. Young? Why, he was but forty, she said, presently. Forty had once seemed a great age to her, but now—she was twenty-five herself. So the year slipped by, and Cecil was as far from completing the career she had marked out for herself as in the beginning; she had refused or prevented every proposal of marriage made to her, whether advantageous or otherwise, and proposals had not been few. Suddenly she opened her eyes on her conduct, to ask what this folly meant, and if there were any reason why she should be as impossible to please as the young princesses of ancient fairy-tales. And suddenly, and contemporaneously, her bank account was closed, and there was not a dollar left standing against her name. "I shall marry," said Cecil to herself, "the next eligible person that proposes, if he has a hump on his back. I can't see what I have been thinking of!"

That night, Mr. Matthews came and sat down beside her on the low sofa where she usually held her court, on the evenings at home, and told her that he had received for her that day an offer of marriage from Mr. Jekyll. She knew Mr. Jekyll very well; young he was, good-looking, more than tolerably educated, wealthy, a gentleman—his only demerit being a diffidence that hindered his bringing his fate to the touch, himself. But she laughed and

shook her head, and then, as Mr. Matthews urged the suitor's virtues, "Too good for me," she said, still laughing, "and too young."

"But," said Mr. Matthews, "I have heard you tell Mrs. Chickering that you should never marry any but a rich man."

"You must confess that I should be very unwise to marry a poor one," said she, archly.

"Very," replied Mr. Matthews, surveying her briefly. "Very. But Jekyll's fortune is one of the immense—"

"If he were made of gold I would not marry him!" she exclaimed, passionately; and rose, almost instantly, on some trivial pretence and crossed to the other side of the room. All at once her mind had become illumined with a knowledge of herself. She loved Mr. Matthews; she loved a man on whose bounty she was subsisting, a man who was absolutely indifferent to her—and it was for this she had refused a place in the heart and by the hearth of all others. For a moment the room seemed dark, and her head swam wildly; she was sick, sick with disgust of herself—she who had thought herself safe from all love, all passion, had thought herself to be of affections impossible to arouse—she to love a man unsought! Directly afterward the carriage was announced, and they were on the way to the opera, and if Mr. Matthews had noticed her abrupt action, he must speedily have forgotten about it, in the brilliant stir of the audience and the expectation of the singers. But Cecil sat through it all, without hearing or seeing—bowed down by a kind of shame which neither she nor any other St. Mar had ever felt before since the days of Mistress Clare—and glad at last to find refuge in the darkness of night and solitude.

Morning, however, brought new counsels to Cecil. If an object had become vital to her happiness, why should she not strive to gain it? Things had been wont to come to the St. Mars, indeed, she said to herself, without their seeking; yet still it was not impossible for her to make herself attractive, and that at least was what she might do without any derogation of dignity. But how to go about it? How to make herself more than she was already—and that had been a failure. How without a dollar left in her purse? Lack of skill to remodel old garments, lack of money to buy others, and the obligation to trail about worn and soiled finery, was but a sorry way to win the admiration of a reluctant lover. A woman of different spirit from Cecil St. Mar would have left the house, and if, by that means, not succeeding in making herself missed, would yet have gone to earning her daily bread, and wearing Lowell prints; that was something never occurring to Cecil—she had no idea of leaving that luxurious and well-appointed house—she intended to become its mistress. A suggestion, that she could dispense with splendor of dress, and yet win all that she wished, Cecil would have dismissed for idle breath—she had lived too many years at home, unsought, in serge and calico, not to believe thoroughly in the efficacy of silks and satins now. Presently, the whole current of her life was setting in this direction of her thought; if Mr. Matthews had been a poor man, perhaps she would have rooted the love of him out of her heart; but being what he was, and who he was, the love, that last night she had blushed to acknowledge to herself, to-day she suffered to become a fact, and a necessity of existence, and she would as soon have thought of depriving herself of the air she breathed, of holding her breath till she died, as of banishing herself from his presence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.

WHAT THEY THINK, WHAT THEY DO, AND WHAT THEY ARE.

THEIR THEORY AND PRACTICES—THEIR LOCALE AND PERSONNEL.

A CURIOUS RECORD OF COMMENDABLE DOINGS, AND A STARTLING EXPOSE OF DAMNABLE DOCTRINES.

BY ISAAC G. REED, JR.

"By their fruits ye shall know them!" This Scriptural maxim has become a familiar axiom—and yet, humanly and superficially speaking, it may be said that it admits of occasional exceptions.

Certainly, so far as the Oneida Community of Free Lovers are concerned, it would seem to be true that "by their fruits ye shall not know them."

For the practices of this singular Community appear to the eye of the general and outside observer to be as praiseworthy as their professed theories are certainly and outrageously terrible. The necessary sequence of theory as a cause, and practice as an effect, would seem, in their case, to be dispensed with; and sober, honest, and industrious lives would appear to spring from the most unnaturally depraved doctrines. However this may be; two facts are patent.

First, what is called the Oneida Community, with its associate branches—though it has been theorized about, talked about, paragraphed about, and booked about, almost *ad infinitum*, and certainly *ad nauseam*—has never, as yet, either with pen or pencil—been accurately described, without partiality or prejudice, just as it exists.

And, second, such an accurate description as we propose, in the present series of articles to furnish to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, must, of necessity, contain much that is pleasing to the lovers of humanity, and much that is absolutely disgusting and appalling, and will, in itself, be of great interest

to the public; for truth is ever stranger than fiction.

In our treatment of our subject, we shall be guided, in all respects, by the sentiment contained in the immortal maxim—"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," and shall give the public, what the public so dearly love, and yet so seldom receive—*facts*.

For convenience of description, we shall first treat of the Community in its external aspects, then consider it as a co-operative society, and lastly, will discuss, *in extenso*, the startling "peculiar" doctrines on which the Community is based.

THE HISTORY OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

As this branch of the subject has been treated of *in extenso* in various works, it will be required here only to give a brief *resumé*. The Oneida Community is claimed to be "the only religious community of American origin." Its founder, and most of its members, are descendants of the Puritans of New England, and originally belonged to the Congregational and Presbyterian churches or organizations. It was instituted by the so-called "Reverend" John Humphrey Noyes, who is, at the present time, its acknowledged head—the power behind the throne—who, though he has nominally retired from the active management of the concern, yet directs all its departments, the so-styled active or leading men of the Community being merely the creatures of his will—the puppets of his power. This singular personage (of whose mental history and moral status more hereafter) was born at Brattleboro, Vt., in 1811. He attended school, and graduated at college; studied law, and then divinity, at Andover and New Haven; became a Revivalist, and finally what he styled a Perfectionist, in 1834; originated a school for the dissemination of his peculiar doctrines at Putney, where his father and his family resided; "converted" his mother, two sisters and a brother, his own wife, his brother's wife, and the husbands of his two sisters; then induced Mr. George Cragin (who is still living, and is generally recognized as Mr. Noyes's right-hand man), and Mr. Cragin's wife, to join the happy family, with other accessions; founded a chapel; published pamphlets and books; experimented in a communism of goods, and then, in a communism of persons; suffered what he called "persecution for conscience' sake;" and, finally, removed to the present locale, near Oneida, in 1848. Since this last removal, the Community have increased in numbers, although, at this date, they seem to have reached their limit.

THE LOCATION, NUMBERS, AND GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE FREE-LOVE COMMUNITY.

The precise locality of the Free-Love Brotherhood and Sisterhood, known as the Oneida Community, is Lenox, Madison County, N. Y., four miles from the Oneida depot. The buildings are located so near the county lines, that, during the late civil war, each drafting agent in their vicinity imagined that the Community were not in his district, but in that of his neighboring official, so that, between two stools, they fell to the ground—or, to speak more literally, between the two officials, they escaped the draft altogether—a very lucky thing for the Community.

The precise number of the members of the Oneida Community is 202; and the land owned by that association embraces, speaking exactly, 664 acres. At a distance of a mile and a quarter, or thereabout, from the main dwelling, is located the Willow Place Community—another branch of the Free Lovers, embracing 35 members; while, far away in New England, near Wallingford, Conn., about one mile west from the depot, exists the third band of the Free Lovers, known as the Wallingford Community. This last department comprises 40 members, and owns 225 acres of land. The Willow Place Community owns no land, but directs its energies to manufactures. Summing these figures we have the following result: Total number of Free Lovers in common, 277; total number of acres held by them in common, 892.

The staple lines of employment pursued by the Free Lovers are farming, horticulture, and manufactures. They also pay considerable attention to printing. The community comprise a number of doctors, dentists, and teachers; lawyers and clergymen, as such, are unknown. The area of land owned by the Communities equals, or rather by a little exceeds, that of the Central Park of New York city, and averages about three acres of fair farm land to each and every individual.

It is to the parent and principal branch of the Free Lovers—known *par excellence* as the Oneida Community—that public attention has been chiefly directed; and as a description of this branch, with its Willow Place adjunct, will embrace all the peculiarities of the three Communities, we will now proceed to record

A VISIT TO THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

undertaken by an artist and correspondent of this paper in the early portion of the month of March, 1870. The trip to Oneida, from New York, is both long and tedious; as you have a double railroad ride—first, to that dulllest of all possible capitals—Albany, and then over the New York Central to Oneida, which latter town we reached near midnight. The hotels at Oneida are of the most primitive description, but the people are by no means as primitive as their hotels; on the contrary, they are very keen, and have a sharp eye in the direction of their bread and butter. A large number of the female Oneidaians are employed on the silk works of the Oneida Community, and a considerable amount of money is expended in and about the town by the believers in "complex marriage," in the course of the year; so that it is next to an impossibility to induce an inhabitant of the town of Oneida to utter any opinion, save a favorable one, concerning the Oneida Community. Thus, when we interrogated the landlord of the hotel, in reference to the Free

Lovers, he immediately replied, like one who, from long experience, knew his cue, that "They were a very nice people—a very nice and hospitable people, indeed; who knew how to make money, and when to keep it, and when to spend it." The chambermaid of the hotel declared, "They were as nice a people as any girl ever worked for"—(she had a sister employed in the silk-works); while the driver of our carriage-sleigh, who transported us through the deep snow to the community, the next morning, emphatically opined, "That, if ever a people minded their own business, and lived and let live, it was the members of the Community," collectively considered. Similar sentences had been enunciated in our hearing even on the cars the preceding night; so that it certainly seemed that, for once, "a prophet (or a community) was not without honor even in his (or its) own country." After a half hour's drive, or so, through an open district, along a winding road, the buildings of the Community greeted our somewhat curious sight.

HOW THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY ARE HOUSED.

First, we passed a large stable and a huge barn or cattle-shed, the former sheltering about two dozen able-bodied laborers, in the shape of horses; the latter accommodating about eighty-five cows and bulls and oxen. Surrounding these, or scattered throughout the immediate vicinity, were a number of tenant-houses (seventy-five in all, though, of course, all were not rendered visible at once), which were the property of the Community, but were rented to outsiders, who were not believers in complex marriages, but were the unfortunate husbands of one wife, or the pitiable wives of one husband.

There, on one side of the road, ranged the Oneida Community store, for the benefit of "profane" purchasers, and the academy and school; while, on the other side, rose the turrets of the main building, with its new wings. To the rear of these, again, stretched additional structures—the Tontine, the spooling establishment, etc.—the whole presenting a varied and most agreeable appearance. The main building is substantially built of brick and stone, with solid foundations and thick walls; is of a composite style of architecture, with a tower and an observatory, an abundance of large windows, square and arched—a piazza in front; and is altogether an edifice suggestive alike of strength, "roominess," and comfort. The other structures are of wood or stone; but a better idea can be received by a glance at our engraving of the building, than could be conveyed by a column of mere verbal description.

Certainly, we felt favorably impressed by the exterior of the place, and as we alighted, and were shown into a large, well-ventilated, well-furnished parlor, approached through an ample hall of almost spotless cleanliness, our favorable impressions were materially strengthened.

Having "sent in" our cards, we seated ourselves on a really luxurious lounge, surveyed our surroundings with satisfaction; allowed our eyes to rest with gratification upon some elegant engravings and a number of "solid" books; and finally found ourselves face to face with Friend, or Brother, or Father Cragin—already alluded to as the assistant of Mr. Noyes, and to whose special lot it falls to be "interviewed" by all the curiosity-mongers and seekers after truth (generally a long way after it), and newspaper men, *et id omne genus*. Notwithstanding his horrible fate, Mr. Cragin seemed to enjoy life, and received us with every conventional show of courtesy. He evidently seemed to be on his guard, however, and, as he afterward confessed, was suspicious of "the purity of our intentions." Noticing this phase in his demeanor, we proceeded to take the bull by the horns at once, and instantaneously made that frank confession which is so generally said to be good for the soul. "We are here," we said, "as mere pieces of white paper, with no preconceived impressions of our own, but ready to receive and record, by pen and pencil, any impressions which may be presented to us in the shape of fact."

This explanation seemed to relieve Mr. Cragin's mind greatly, and from that moment he seemed to have no secrets from us, but to court investigation and honest scrutiny. Whatever may be the faults of the Free Lovers, frankness appears to be among their cardinal virtues.

THE "BLOOMER" AND HER BURDEN.

While engaged in a species of preliminary conversation with Mr. Cragin, a lady entered the room—the first female we had seen since our entrance into the Community. She was approximately middle age, had an ample figure, a peculiarly restless eye (such an organ as seemed to be one of the many things "common" in this Community), a pleasant face, and was attired in a species of pantalleted bloomer-costume—the characteristic dress of the women, young and old, of the Oneida Community. This attire strikes the eye fully enough at first, but is really picturesque as well as peculiar. The ladies here adopt it, so they say, on account of its comfort.

They also claim that it is by far the most practically useful and genuinely sensible garb as yet invented for femininity, and the most healthful, the most unrestrained, and, at the same time, the most decorous, of all possible attires. Be this as it may, the lady was an unmistakable "bloomer," and was introduced to us as "the wife" of one of the members of the Community; though how she could be a "wife" in a community in which there was no marriage (as marriage goes in the world), was to us a mystery. The wonder was, however, subsequently solved by the discovery that the prefix "Mrs." is used among the Free Lovers either to designate the original title of the lady, previous to her entering upon "the plane" of the Community, or else for the purposes of distinct individualization among the various believers in "complex marriage."

The particular "Mrs." who had now dawned upon us, mingled in the conversation with as much intelligence, yet with as much modesty and refinement, as the average woman of society would have shown under similar circumstances, and was soon joined by another, and a somewhat younger and fairer, "bloomer," who entered into a general conversation, with considerable spirit. Meanwhile, the former lady took upon her the graceful character of hostess, and, in that capacity, handed us apples and other fruit, precisely as visitors would be welcomed in any other hospitable country mansion, though we must confess that the fruit was far finer than the average, and that the unusual garb of our temporary hostess gave an unwonted attraction to her little attentions.

We were now joined by several gentlemen—for, by their garb, manners and general bearing, they were richly entitled to this title—and were introduced to them as leading members of the community. Among the number were Mr. Noyes, Sr.—the founder of the society; his son, according to the flesh—a handsome, fat youth, with a shrewd eye, a good-natured face, and a sensual lip; Mr. Burnham—a middle-aged, handsome personage, whose hair was fast entering upon "the epoch of gray;" Mr. Hamilton—a tall, stately individual, looking something like the portraits of the Duke of Wellington; and several others of minor note.

SOME "PECULIAR" TALK.

In the course of the conversation which now ensued, the subject of "free love," or "complex marriage," and the "peculiar" social habits of the Community, were alluded to *en passant*. Mr. Cragin took the ground, that what the outside world (or, as he termed it, "the world that had not yet fully attained to perfectionism and the perfect love of Christ") styled "wedded love," was "selfishness," and that it was the great end and aim of the Community to "get rid of the selfishness inherent to the natural man." Instead of concentrating his or her affection upon any one man or woman, each member of the Oneida Community loved all other members equally and alike, and thus, as Cragin claimed, "fulfilled the perfect law of love." On being asked whether it was really possible for "everybody to love everybody," Mr. Cragin replied, that "it was not possible to the natural man; but that all things were possible to God, and to those whom God had made perfect"—i. e., the Oneida Community. "The carnal man," said Cragin, earnestly, "can love but one; the spiritual man can love any number—five hundred as well as five, and five thousand as well as five hundred. Were the Community to be multiplied a thousand-fold to-morrow, we could love each other just the same! Why not? We believe that there will be millions of people in heaven, and yet we will all love each other there. Why not, then, here?" And then, pausing for a moment, as if to give greater effect to his words, he continued, with an air of profound conviction, which, to our ears at least, relieved them of any intentional blasphemy: "Communism is to be the Christianity of the hereafter of Humanity, and Christ was the first Free Lover. The first disciples of the Saviour, the early Christians, were all Communists; and certainly, we of this late and degenerate day cannot do better than to follow their example. But," said Mr. Cragin—changing his tone, and changing, too, with that readiness so characteristic of the Community, his subject from the wildly theoretical to the intensely practical—"let us show you some of the interior scenes of our domestic economy." And he forthwith led the way to

THE KITCHEN OF THE COMMUNITY.

Here, as elsewhere, there was plenty of room, and almost an excess of neatness; while industry, combined with comfort, was everywhere perceptible. A number of labor-saving, doing-by-wholesale machines, were in operation—such as a patent dish-washer, consisting of a trough filled with warm water, into which was dipped a wire net, holding any number of plates; and a potato-washer, somewhat like a water-wheel, in the inside of which were placed the potatoes, which, by the motion of the wheel through the water in the trough, were sufficiently and rapidly cleansed. The operations of the kitchen were attended to by the various male and female members of the Community in turn, day by day; and at the date of our visit, the "presiding genius" of the kitchen was an elderly man, who, when he had served his time in the culinary and dish-washing line, was sent on duty throughout the neighboring country as a peddler of the O. C. silk. In one of the basement-rooms we noticed a bevy of "bloomers," and, in many instances blooming, females, at their appointed work for the day—making pies; and really they presented an animated scene quite as agreeable to the eye as their pies proved to be palatable to the taste. Even in their pie-making, however, the "peculiar" views of the Community were brought to bear, for one of the members distinctly told us that "no such pies could be made outside of a Community with just such principles" as theirs.

But, as our spirited engraving on this branch of our theme speaks for itself, we will pass on in our description, just as we passed on, in our visit, from the basement in the main dwelling to the business-office of the Community—to which our guide was now suddenly called, and which is located on the ground floor of the O. C. store building, and directly adjoining the store itself—there we found, engaged with their pens and ink, their ledgers and day-books, several of

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY FEMALE BOOK-KEEPERS.

The office was small, but convenient; and there was an air of business about the place which repressed any trifling, though there was nothing severe about the atmosphere of the office—far from it. The women worked as though they had an interest in their occupation (as indeed they had, and a direct pecuniary in-

terest at that); one chatted about business matters with a male customer over the counter, while another, seated cozily on her stool, discussed matters and things with an old habitué of the place. Our engraving conveys a vivid idea of the scene. Having attended to his immediate mission, our guide, the polite Cragin, Sen., conducted us through the adjoining store (which was large, neat, clean, and orderly), and finally reconducted us to the main building.

Hour followed hour, and each division of time brought some new spectacle or curious discovery in its train. Singular theories were broached; sensible practices were brought to view; absurdity and wisdom were strangely mingled; blasphemy and filth, by way of word, contrasted oddly with neatness, order, and genuine Christianity, by way of deed; and we moved along like beings who had suddenly been taken into the bosom of a new world. We have not space, however, in the present issue, to do justice to all that we heard and saw on this, the first day of our visit; and we are, besides, compelled to follow, in our description, the pictorial necessities of the paper; so, reserving various matters of interest for another number, let us now imagine it to be the eventide; suppose supper to be over, and that we, in common with every member of the Oneida Community, saving only the little children thereof, are gathered together in

THE FAMILY HALL.

This institution is peculiar to the Oneida Community, and deserves, not only commendation, but calls for popular imitation. The family hall, so called, is located on the second story of the main building or dwelling-house, and is reached by a wide, elaborate staircase, terminating in a roomy and elegant corridor—which contains a species of museum, or cabinet of curiosities, comprising samples of Russian poetry, shells of all kinds, silk specimens, rare coins, fancy pincushions, etc.—and is in itself a large, well-ventilated, handsome apartment, capable of containing about seven hundred people. It is well painted and papered, and is substantially built. It contains a main floor and an upper gallery, and terminates with a raised platform or stage, on each side of which are retiring-rooms and entries, and a staircase leading to the gallery. The whole apartment presents, first, the appearance of a comfortable little theatre, and secondly, the look of a cozy sitting or sewing and reading room. This latter look is imparted to it by a number of tables, each of them furnished with a neat cloth, and a yet neater-looking lamp, with a variegated shade, which are scattered along the lower floor, and around which the ladies and gentlemen of the Community gather in little groups, as best pleases themselves, to sew or gossip, or witness whatever performances are submitted for their edification or enjoyment. These performances are varied occasionally; but they generally comprise, first, the reading of the news of the day, selected from the New York journals, which reach the Community at nightfall, and which are carefully winnowed by a reader selected for the purpose, and who really has, what few readers possess, a clear, powerful voice, well managed; then the reading of the correspondence of the Community, religious and secular; and finally, general conversation. Two or three times a week, music adds its charms to the social entertainment—a fine piano being placed near the stage, and several of the Community being skilled violinists and flutists; in fact, an orchestra has been formed among them, and it is proposed to give a series of concerts; while once a week or so, especially on Sunday evenings, a dramatic performance will be given on the stage by the society in general, or its children in particular. On the first night of our visit, a Mr. Frank Smith played finely on the violin to the piano accompaniment of a Miss Miller, and about a dozen people took part in an operetta, in the course of which a pretty girl, Miss Edith Waters, played the rôle of a midshipman; a talented dwarf-girl, a Miss Hamilton, and a Miss Constance Noyes, acted admirably; while a species of white Topsy was rendered with a comic talent not often seen on the boards of a New York theatre. All this programme seemed to be highly enjoyed by everybody in the Community, each beholder having a personal interest in its success, knowing that either his mother, or his sister, or his daughter, or his father, or his brother, or his son, or some relative or connection, was among the actors. Old men, like Mr. Joslyn, with his game leg resting on a footstool; old ladies with spectacles; the young men and maidens, most of whom sat lovingly together up in the gallery—all alike appeared to derive the heartiest enjoyment from the doings in the family hall, which, with its animated stage, its comfortably crowded floor, and its densely crowded upper tier, its sewing women, its gossiping men, its picturesque arrangement of lights, and its singular and striking combination of two elements generally supposed to be irreconcilable—the domestic and the theatrical—presented a spectacle not to be seen on earth outside of the Oneida Community.

NUISANCES.

TAKE a friend's house where the children are what is called brought forward and made a show of—can any one go through greater suffering, not of a mortal kind, than that which is inflicted by the little dears during a visit paid or received? In spite of the poetical praises bestowed on children in the abstract, as a rule they are unpleasant companions, save to their own family. The pleasure they give is at the best only a sentiment based on the idea of their innocence and purity, or it is the artistic enjoyment got from the contemplation of the freshness of their beauty when pretty, and the grace of their movements when unconscious; but the annoyance they cause is positive, and when they are made too much of in a house, they are very great and positive annoyances indeed. Nothing is more distressing than to have a troop of children in the room when you are calling or dining. They break in on your most interesting conversation with an abrupt announcement that Johnny got whacked at

school yesterday, or that Sissey poked out dolly's eyes this morning; and you have listened to them courteously, and say, "Oh, how shocking!" as if you took any interest in Johnny's whacks or dolly's mutilation. Perhaps you do in the first, in a grim way. If you are personally remarkable in any way—wear spectacles, are pitted with the small-pox, have had the misfortune to lose your leg, gain a hump, or carry an empty sleeve—they will come close to you, and stare at you silently as if you were a wooden image, never winking, and never taking their eyes off you, you knowing painfully enough all the while what is fascinating them. Or they will bluntly point at the offending feature, and ask, "What's that?" with a frankness that may be unsophisticated, but that is certainly not diverting to the object.

At table, when they come in to dessert, they are generally greedy and ill-bred unless kept under strict discipline; but then the houses where the children are under discipline are just those where they do not come into dessert. But let them be ever so well-behaved, they are interruptions and out of place, and of necessity attract more attention than is good for them, and eat what will do them harm. If they are placed next to you, you feel bound to give them fruit and sweetmeats, with a little wine to wash all down—though you know that you are giving them so much poison, and deliberately doing what you can to make them ill. You must be very savage indeed if you take comfort from this thought, especially as they will not be ill now, which might be some compensation, but only to-morrow, when you will gain nothing by it. Still, you have to do your part and pretend that you enjoy it, though they absorb the mother's attention, and are the occasion of a continual sparring between herself and the father, which makes the whole table uncomfortable. Not that they, the host and hostess, are in the least degree aware of the torture they are inflicting, or the folly they are committing; one of the most inscrutable mysteries of humanity being the rare union of common sense with parental affection. Bringing up the children round the knees of the parents may be all right so far as the parents and the children are concerned; but there is no reason why the friends should suffer, and have their knees made into props and nursing-stools as well.

FRENCH HUSBANDS AND WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

SEVERAL gentlemen in Paris, whose wives participated in the meetings emphatically advocating the emancipation of women, played their spouses the following little trick:

A lawyer, whom they engaged for this purpose, called at their houses in their absence, and desired to see Madame. Madame was occupied with her toilet, but the visitor insisted on seeing her. So she was obliged to receive the lawyer, who very politely handed her a stamped paper. The lady read it in surprise, and turned very pale. The lawyer left her. What did the paper contain? An application for a divorce on the part of the husband. The lady passed long hours in suspense. At last her husband came home from his office.

"My friend, what is the meaning of this paper?" she asked, with a pale face.

"Why, it is an application for a divorce from you. I believe you want to be free! I do not want to be your tyrant any longer."

"I am sure," she said, with her kindest smile, "you have wet feet, and will catch cold, dearest husband! Pray, sit down by the fire, and warm yourself. Shall I get you a cup of tea?"

"Oh, no; I am quite well," replied the wicked husband, laughing inwardly at her desire to do something to make him comfortable. "I am quite well, and am sure you will likewise get well as soon as you are free."

"But, my dear husband, I do not understand what you mean! Shall I bring your slippers?"

"No, thank you. Why should you impose on yourself this slavish yoke which you have never borne? I heard your cries for deliverance. I am oppressing you, as you say, and henceforth I shall no longer work for you. Hitherto we men had to bear all the burdens and cares. We toiled all day long, passed sleepless nights, in order to devise new ways of making money, and struggled with a thousand competitors in order to earn our daily bread, while you were dressing, taking rides, and allowing your idlers to make love to you. All this will cease. Down with your slavery! We are in duty bound to restore such poor women as you to freedom and independence. Hurrah for liberty!"

An hour afterward, the two sat down to supper. The lady no longer talks of her wrongs, and of her desire to recover her liberty. Similar scenes occurred at the houses of other gentlemen.

INSTANTANEOUS DEATH.

JEROME CAEDAN relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers, to all appearance, continuing their repast.

One still held his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, a third had his hand in the dish. Death had come upon them suddenly whilst in these positions, when the thunderbolt fell.

Ten reapers, who had taken shelter under a ledge, were likewise killed all together during a violent storm.

Like those mentioned above, they had profited by this necessary suspension of labor to enjoy a frugal meal. A touching detail, related by the Rev. Mr. Butler, who narrowly escaped being a victim to the same storm, shows with what rapidity the whole of this joyous group had been deprived of life. One of the unfortunate beings had a dog in his lap at the moment the lightning fell. Whilst he caressed the animal with one hand, with the other he offered it a piece of bread. Both the man and the dog were petrified, as it were, in this position. The paralyzed hand still held the piece of bread, and the expression on the animal's face seemed to say, "Give me some more; come, give me some more."

To die with the rapidity of lightning is to die as rapidly as thought itself; for the flash which kills so quickly lasts a time as brief as that which but shows us the spoke of the wheel of a locomotive—as that which but enables us to see immovable in the air the ball which flies through darkness from the cannon's mouth.

A REMARKABLE CAVERN.—Last month, as two quarrymen were working in the Kiltcraft Quarry, on the Portland Heights, England, they had occasion to remove some stone from the "base-bed," and at fifty-six feet below the surface they came upon a fissure in the rock. On exploring it about one hundred yards they found an opening on each side of thirty yards. Proceeding four hundred yards further, there was an opening to the upper surface, through which the light is admitted. The cavern then extends at least one hundred yards further, and is altogether six hundred yards in length. From the roof depend beautiful stalactites, many of them two feet and three feet long, and of different tints, some amber and others cream color. Some curious petrifications have also been found of fantastic shapes. The quarrymen are foolishly breaking off the stalactites and selling them a trifle.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

DIBRAELI has bronchitis.

PAULINE MARKHAM is ill with brain-fever.

THIERS takes rum in his coffee while speaking.

A SON of Gladstone is about to marry an earl's daughter.

SUMNER will raise his voice in the Senate for one cent postage.

BISMARCK's guests turn up their noses at the Prime Minister's wines.

ROCHEFORT is to be married to the daughter of the late M. Proudhon.

NEWMAN HALL has lost his wife as well as his health. Both have deserted him.

NAPOLEON III. eats at the dinner-table nothing but soup, roast beef and salad.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is making arrangements to set out 200,000 fruit trees at Salt Lake.

GAMBETTA, the ultra Red leader of the French Chamber of Deputies, is dangerously ill.

ISABELLA called on Eugenie lately, the latter receiving her ex-royal visitor in her bedroom.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia is to come of age shortly, and take the prescribed oath.

OLE BULL has given three hundred dollars in gold to the Scandinavian Society of San Francisco.

M. ROUBIER, the French ex-Minister, has compiled an important work on the woolen industry of France.

Mlle. MARIE DUMAS, daughter of the novelist, will be one of the witnesses in the trial of Pierre Bonaparte.

A FULL-LENGTH portrait of General Meade has been presented to the Union League Club of Philadelphia.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER's house in London was robbed of an immense amount of diamonds and jewelry, a few weeks ago.

MISSES THOBURN and Swain, sent out by the Women's Missionary Society, have reached India in safety and good health.

THE most successful and accomplished pick-pocket in New York is a pretty woman, well known to the police as Little Lou.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Congress to settle a liberal pension upon Miss Ida Lewis, the famed heroine of Lime Rock Light.

EUGENIE has decided to do away with the extravagance of the court, and simplicity in dress is about to dawn upon the world.

THE Prince of the Asturias is to quit Paris for Rome, in company with the Count de Castejo, who has been named as his governor.

M. GUIZOT will be President, and M. Loublaye a member, of the French Government Commission on advanced education.

WALKER, the artist, of New York, is to paint Gen. Hooker's famous battle above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

It is said Mr. Froude writes each paragraph of his history four or five times before selecting the paragraph to be adopted definitely.

At Warsaw, in Poland, several ladies have been fined twenty-five rubles each for not rising from their seats during the recital of the prayer for the Russian Imperial family.

A QUARTERMASTER in the French navy, stationed at Toulon, was surprised, recently, by a lawyer, who informed him that he was heir to the title of duke and a fortune of \$500,000.

FROM Naples we learn that a judicial separation has been instituted in that city between the young Prince and Princess Carracciolo, whose marriage took place ten months since.

THE present Duke of Sutherland is a conspicuous member of the Amateur Fire Brigade, and is reported to have a fire-bell which rings in his room, and summons him to any interesting fire which may be going on.

Mrs. ESTHER MORRIS, one of the new justices of the peace in Wyoming, is fifty-seven years old. On the first court day she wore a calico gown, worsted breakfast-cloak, green ribbons in her hair, and a green neck-tie.

COUNT VON BRUST has invited Count von Bismarck to meet him, at an early day, at some South German watering-place. It is believed that the Austrian Chancellor will consent to the King of Prussia's adopting the title of Emperor of North Germany.

M. LESSEPS's last report as to the condition of the Suez Canal, states that the much-discussed rock at Sarapeum, which had not been removed when the canal was cut, has been cut out, and that very large vessels can now pass, without interruption, from sea to sea.

THE elder and younger Mr. Washburne mingle very freely in French society, and are great favorites. The reception of Minister and Mrs. Washburne, on the eve of Washington's birthday, at their residence in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, Paris, was a brilliant affair.

THE recent consecration in Mobile of Dr. Pierce as Bishop of Arkansas, seems to have been the most advanced ceremony of that kind yet attempted. It was a singing service from beginning to end. Creed and prayers were all sung or intoned, and the red and pink doctors' hoods were worn, as well as the narrow ecclesiastical millinery.

THE WINTHROP STREET M. E. CHURCH, BOSTON HIGHLANDS, REV. A. McKEOWN, PASTOR.

THERE was, as long ago as 1818, a small Methodist mission in Roxbury, near Boston Highlands, which had some fruitage; but it was not till 1838 that Methodism obtained a permanent settlement there, by the gathering of a weekly class-meeting at the houses of Varnum Hall and William D. Cook. On the 6th of May, 1838, the society commenced worshipping in Williams Hall, Guild Row, with Rev. Truman R. Hawley, a local preacher of the Church Street Society, as pastor. The Town Hall was next secured, and in 1839, Rev. Geo. Pickering was appointed by the Conference. In 1840, the pastors were Rev. H. B. Skinner—and he falling sick—Rev. B. K. Pierce and Rev. C. W. Ainsworth officiated.

The society, by this time, had built itself a house on Williams street (now Shaumut avenue), which was dedicated December 9, 1840, with a sermon by Rev. George Pickering. The successive pastors here were Amos Blaney,



NEW YORK STATE.—THE BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.—LADY BOOK-KEEPERS AT WORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 38.

1841; A. D. Sergeant, 1843; J. W. Merrill, 1844; J. B. Holman and A. A. Willetts, 1846-7; J. D. Bridge, 1848; Luman Boyden, 1849; Mark Trafton, 1851. Under the pastorate of Rev. Mark Trafton, a lot of land was bought on the corner of Warren and St. James streets, and the church building renovated and removed thither. The house, as enlarged, was dedicated August 4, 1852, by Rev. Daniel Wise, the pastor, who succeeded Mr. Trafton, on the

latter taking a Sunday school Union agency. Rev. J. H. Twombly became pastor in 1853; Rev. Geo. Bowler, 1855; Rev. Gilbert Haven, 1857, under whom there was a signal revival; Rev. F. H. Newhall, 1859; Rev. Samuel Tupper, 1861; Rev. J. W. Dadmun, 1863; Rev. Geo. Whitaker, 1865, under whom the church debt was nearly wiped out, and a parsonage bought at 10 Regent street.

Rev. A. McKeown, the present pastor, as-

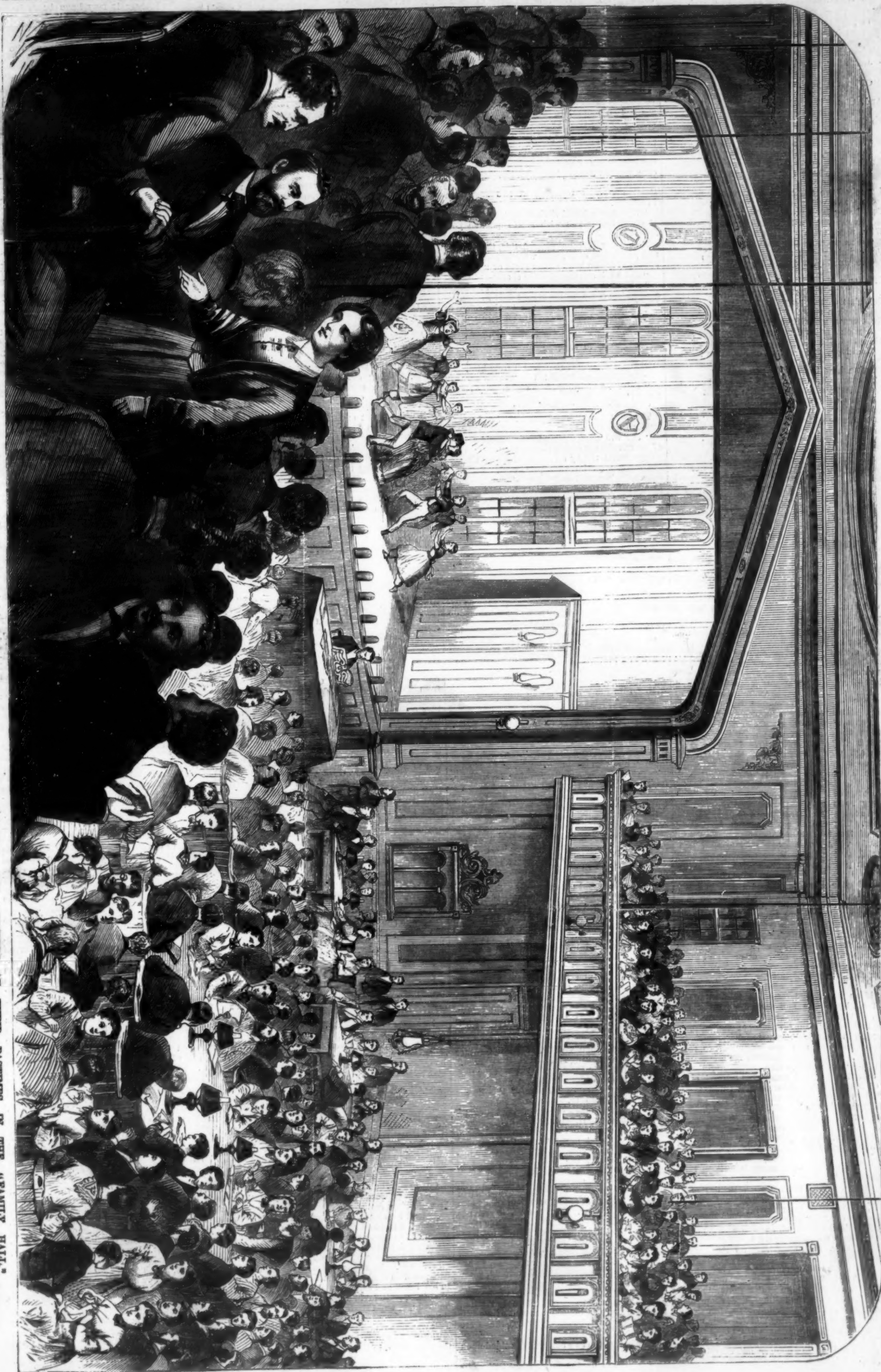
sumed charge of the church in 1867, and on the morning of March 29, 1868, the church edifice was entirely destroyed by fire. Energetic efforts were made to secure a new edifice. The old site was sold for about nine thousand dollars, and a lot was purchased from the city, on high ground, in Winthrop street. The corner-stone of the new church-building was laid October 19, 1868. The edifice is of brick, trimmed with stone, about sixty-three feet by

one hundred and ten, and presents a very tasteful appearance.

Rev. Mr. McKeown, the pastor, is a native of Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, and graduated at the Wesleyan University in Middletown, N.Y. He has been pastor successively of churches in New Bedford, North Bridgewater, Bristol, R.I., Fall River, Springfield, Lynn, Lowell, etc., and has filled with ability every position in which he has been placed.



NEW YORK STATE.—THE BAKERY OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 38.



NEW YORK STATE.—THE ONTARIO COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS, AT LENOX, MADISON COUNTY.—AN EVENING SCENE.—THE MEMBERS AT THEIR PASTIMES IN THE "FAMILY HALL."
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 36.

A MAMMA OF THE PERIOD.

WELL, Clara, the last of the season
Is over to-morrow, and yet
You force me, with excellent reason,
Your conduct, my dear, to regret;
I cannot refrain from confessing,
Just after your social *entrées*,
How probable seemed the sweet blessing
Of having you married by May.

And, Clara, it must be admitted,
That strenuous efforts were made,
To furnish you all which befitting
A belle of the loftiest grade.
My liberal acts you remember,
In dresses, and laces, and all?
At Stewart's our bill for December,
Was something I dread to recall

I surely have spared no endeavor,
To make you attractive, my dear;
For, being both pretty and clever,
You promised a brilliant career.
Why, then, are my hopes wholly blighted?
Concealment is useless with me,
I'm certain you've shamefully slighted,
One wealthy, a splendid *parti*.

Of course Mr. Sallow is hideous,
And fifty, without any hair;
But girls cannot play the fastidious
To such a superb millionaire.
He owns a magnificent house, and
A yacht, and an opera-box—
Ah, Clara, his ten-hundred-thousand
Would pay for the loss of his locks!

Imagine how thoroughly pleasant
To queen it, my dear, as his wife!
Your life is, of course, for the present
A very enjoyable life.
But think that next year you must stay, love,
At home to give Bessie a chance.
Don't snub Mr. Sallow, I pray, love,
To-night, when he asks for a dance!

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER XVI.—AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.—YELP,
BARK AND WHINE—CLEARING OUT A KABAK—
HOW TO WAKE A DAUGHTER—TEN ROUBLES PER
DAY—A NOVEL STOVE—THE SNARE—HE WHO
WAS SEEN THE LAST NIGHT—UNDER THE SHADOW
—AT LAST.

ALREADY the sun had sunken beneath the line
of the far horizon, purpling and crimsoning the
fleecey clouds pencilled upon the yellow sky.
Sleeping beneath that golden and amber beauty,
who would have realized to himself how it had
arisen—begirt by swathing storm-clouds, and
quenching its young lustre in their mesh of
lurid gloom.

The grass was again fresh and green. Burnt
up as it had been by the scorching heat of the
last few weeks, it had once more assumed the
vivid hue of life and vigor. Perfume from
larch and pine—the spicy perfume of Russian
nature—trembled upon each quivering breath
of the breeze that came from the Ural hills
across long flat plain and parched steppe, laden
with coolness. Picturesquely, the rough and
sloping roofs of the village projected them-
selves across the serried logs in the sides of the
houses. The doors were open, but save from
that of the tavern in Potzeck, no light was
streaming. An occasional yelp from a still
wakeful sheep-dog, or the mournful howl of a
drunken peasant, were the only sounds to be
heard.

All at once, Pandemonium seemed to have
broken loose in that previously tranquil spot.

Yelp, bark, and snarling whines were heard,
mingled with a perfect avalanche of Russian
malediction. Then, an army of dogs and curs,
of every size and shape, rushed from the doors
upon the single street. Following them, down
the steep steps of hewn pine leading up to the
dwellings, came the hurled staves and missiles
which chanced to be within reach of their own-
ers.

As if an imperative duty had been fulfilled,
and for whine, yelp and bark they cared no
more, the half-clad inhabitants of Potzeck—
male and female—now stood barefooted and
uncapped in their doorways, thrusting out their
frowzy, uncombed and bearded heads, to dis-
cover what had produced so strange a commo-
tion among their canine fellow-villagers.

It was the mounted tramp and Cossack out-
cry of Dolgorouki's outriders, which had been
heard by the last.

Riding among the bounds, the *avant-couriers*
of his party distributed among them a choice
selection of lusty blows from the broad leath-
ern thongs of their riding-whips. Bark and
yelp were quickly changed into howls of suffer-
ing.

Next, the roll of the carriage-wheels in the
distance might have been caught.

Scarcely was this audible, than Erikier and
his fellow had ridden up to the *kabak*, shouting
loudly, at the top of their sharp voices—

"Rooms for their Excellencies, the high and
mighty Sapichy Dolgorouki, and the noble and
princely Henri de Chateaupers."

Dismounting, and springing up the crazy
steps which led to the narrow gallery encircling
the tavern, they then employed their whips,
with equal vigor and more effect, upon the
guests of the evening who were standing there.
These climbed over the railings, and, dropping
to the ground, ran to their homes. After this,
entering the tap-room, they more fiercely used
their pliant hard thongs upon the backs and
legs of the serfs strewn upon the floor, whom
neat Spirit and coarse Polanger had completely
stupefied. To clear out this apartment took

somewhat more time; and plenty of leather
wielded even more energetically than before.

When it was at last effected, the landlord
stole out from behind an empty barrel, and
humbly inquired—

"What their lordships might want?"
"Your inn—the whole of it!" ejaculated
Erikier.

"For how long?"
"Do we ask them—whelp of a Tartar cur?"

pompously replied the Cossack. "For a day—
a week—a month, or who may know? Per-
haps, they may stay in your dog-hole for a year."
Under its coating of sooty grease, the red-
nosed face of the host broadened with delight.
Seizing a heavy staff, he beat stormily upon
the lower part of a mixture of ladder and stair-
case leading to the long and slopingly roofed
garret, which constitutes the top story in any
Russian cottage rejoicing in two such con-
veniences.

"Up—Anna Vasilivitch!" he roared—"and
at once, unless you wish me to quicken your
footsteps with the stick."

No sooner had he uttered this, than a slim
and pale-faced child, with whitely tawney hair,
appeared at the head of the flight of steps.

"Put fresh straw and clean sheets—"
As he arrived thus far in his orders, he heard
a *droshky* come to an abrupt halt in front of
the tavern. Pausing, he ran to the door, as
the son-in-law of the Boyard mounted the steps
leading to it.

Seizing the hand of the Russian nobleman,
he attempted to execute the usual formula of
submission.

The count roughly snatched it from him.
"No nonsense—fellow! What is your name?"
"Peter Vasil—your high and mighty Excel-
lency!"

"Listen to me—Peter Vasil!"
The host bowed, until his bent head nearly
touched the floor.

"You will immediately take yourself and all
of your family out of this"—glancing contemptu-
ously around the by no means cleanly attrac-
tive apartment, he added—"hovel. Some of
your neighbors will find you and them, rat-holes
to sleep in. Or—" and when he said this, he
chuckled pleasantly—"you can sleep in the
open air. It is, it must be granted, a damp
night—but your nose, judging by its fiery color,
may do duty for a stove."

The face of Peter Vasil grew pale, leaving
his nose more luminous as he listened.

"Your Excellency is merry—" he began.
"Ten roubles each day!" said the count, im-
patiently. "They are more than enough."

On hearing the magnificent payment pro-
posed, the face of the keeper of the *kabak*
brightened. So decidedly, indeed, did it do
this, that it almost rivaled the ripe hue of his
nose. For ten roubles *per diem*—the paper
rouble was then a thing unknown—he would
almost have trusted to that nose for heat, in the
teeth of a Finnish winter. But, as this thought
crossed him, he chanced to catch sight of the
face of his pale and timid daughter.

Henri de Chateaupers, who had, some time
since, entered the room with Flodorowna, fol-
lowed his glance. He appreciated his evident
feeling for the weakly child—she was barely
fourteen, or less. Possibly, had he heard him,
previous to his own entrance in the tavern,
threatening her with the cudgel, he might have
done so less keenly.

"The girl may stay." Turning to Sapichy,
he said—"she will be a better attendant for
the wounded arm of Flodorowna, than you or I
could."

Sapichy shrugged his shoulders, and replied,
scornfully "I am no surgeon."

"But Anna Vasilivitch, although a child—
your Excellency! knows much of wounds and
bruises—"

"Enough! You can go"—ejaculated Dolgo-
rouki, frowning.

With a grateful obeisance to the young
Frenchman, the paternal proprietor of the red
nose and Anna Vasilivitch retired from his
own dwelling. It is probable that the encour-
agement with which his attempt to greet Dolgo-
rouki with all due humility, had been re-
ceived, prevented him from in like manner,
exhibiting his gratitude to the foreign prince.

For, in less than fifteen minutes, this was the
title with which he had decorated Henri de
Chateaupers in every cottage in Potzeck.

As the proprietor quitted the establishment
which had, so unceremoniously, been appropri-
ated by the Russian count, Flodorowna pressed
her lips upon her master's hand.

De Chateaupers flushed as he felt them, and
that flush deepened vividly, as he felt rather
than saw the mocking smile of his companion.

Tired with their long day's journey, for they
had been in the saddle, with the exception of
the girl, some fifteen hours—after the horses
had been attended to, and a hasty supper had
been heartily partaken of—the travelers exam-
ined the upper apartment.

It was divided into two portions, and for a
Russian *kabak*—at any rate, in this period—
might have been considered sumptuously fur-
nished. Certainly, the beds were simply of
straw. But there were oil lamps, and black
earthenware jugs, containing a pint of water,
more or less, in each of them. A rude bench
ran along both sides of the partition. This also
actually had a door. To be sure, it did not
shut with faultless accuracy. Neither, was there
any bolt upon it. But, a door it was, to all in-
tents, if not to every purpose. In addition,
while they had been supping, Anna Vasilivitch
had covered each bed with clean sheets, as her
father had been commanding her to do, when
interrupted in his hospitable preparations by
the appearance of Dolgorouki. It may be true
that these sheets were of unbleached linen,
and of a texture assimilating to that of a crash
towel in these days, but nevertheless, they were
wholesome, if rough sheets.

Suffice it, that the two noblemen decided upon
occupying the loft.

One section of it—the inner one—was allot-

ted to Flodorowna and the attendant her pres-
ent owner had provided her.

The other was appropriated by Sapichy and
his companion.

Neither the one nor the other was scrupu-
lously religious. Besides, they were well-nigh
worn out. Can it well be wondered at, that
nor love, nor craft, nor prayer kept either of
them long awake. In less than three minutes,
both of them had partially undressed—were in
bed, and sleeping soundly. In five minutes
more, greatly as the reader may regret to hear
it, Sapichy Dolgorouki snored.

Some hour, or hour and a half later, a man
—travel-stained and foot-sore—entered the vil-
lage, in the same direction from which the
French and Russian nobleman, with their at-
tendants, had arrived.

His dress must, in any case, have been rough
and coarse enough. It would, in the daylight,
have been even more repulsive from the stains
of travel, and the drenching tempest of the
previous night, to all of which he had been ex-
posed. The moonlight, for the time, obliterated
much of this. Yet, even in that fairy-like ra-
diance, which bathed him and the forms of the
cottages and the scattered trees in molten sil-
ver, it might be seen that his hair hung in
tangled mats from his goat-skin cap on each
side of his square and low forehead. His eyes
also glared around him, with a furtive and
hungry glance, in which, anxiety and a savagely
resolute determination each had a part.

All this, however, might only be seen, as he
was slouchingly swinging along upon the road
beyond the houses.

Once in the street, he crept stealthily under
them, blotting out the outlines of his figure,
in the dense shadow that couched heavily
upon the side of it, opposite the *kabak*, kept
by Peter Vasil.

It was evident enough, that he was not one
of the villagers who was returning home from
some friend living in the neighborhood. If so,
his apparent fatigue, as well as his smirched
and rent clothing, would have offered no such
evidence of long travel. Unless, indeed—but
this was not the case. No debauch on the fiery
Spirit of the country would have permitted him
that long, crawling and silent stride. He must
be abroad on some errand of need or hate—
seeking for some dwelling which had been de-
scribed to him, or, which he would necessarily
find from external signs. This last might not
improbably be the tavern, for he was clearly a
Russian—probably a serf. What could a serf,
or such a dilapidated freedman, require at the
post-house, if, indeed, in those days, Potzeck
rejoiced in the convenience of such an estab-
lishment.

A solitary hound, sleeping in the doorway of
one of the dwellings, raised its head and yelped
dismally as he was passing.

Staying his stealthy step, he paused for sev-
eral minutes before he continued to crawl,
rather than to walk, along.

No other sign of knowledge that such an in-
dividual was present in the silent street, rose
from any of the other dogs and curs, which
had received Erikier and his companion, when
they entered the village, with so savage a cho-
rus of bark and howl. Happily, a remembrance
of the whirling thongs of the Cossack whip
may have kept them silent. Or, it may be, that
their late onslaught upon these unexpected
comers had wearied them into exhaustion.

Yet, more likely was it the extreme silence and
caution of his movements, which did not disturb
their sound but usually vigilant slumbers.

Be this as it may, no other warning signal
from any other hound broke the monotonous
silence.

The man had now reached the *kabak*.
A startled neigh from the Arab informed him
that he had done so, for it brought him to a
dead halt. If not, it was probably the red
light from the inside of the large roof, which
threw a streak of dubious lustre upon the gal-
lery and the road beyond it, that told him where
he was.

Again, he came to a long pause.
No one could have detected his presence on
the gloomy blackness of the shadow in which
he stood.

After several minutes, he moves again.
He stands at the bottom of the flight of
wooden steps, which leads upward to the en-
trance from which that darkly crimson light is
projected.

Cautiously, he lays his broad and muscular
hand upon the railing of the stairs.

No sound comes from it.
After another pause, he begins to mount.
Slowly, and with extreme lightness, as if he
had now lost all sense of previous weariness,
he places his foot upon the lowest step, and be-
gins to ascend the flight of stairs slowly. Sud-
denly, he again comes to a pause. One of
them has creaked under his tread, although his
movements might have challenged comparison
with those of a young fawn when it first tries
its trembling limbs. A voice is heard within
the *kabak*, muttering a Russian oath. He
knows it. It is the voice of the Moujik—Ivan.
Cowering in the shadow, he crouches upon the
stair. Nothing more is heard, while he remains
thus. The serf had only sworn in his sleep.

Once more, he advances.
He now proceeds even more cautiously, than
he had before done.

At last, he stands in the gallery which runs
around the front of the tavern. Concealing as
much of his figure as he is able, the man peers
stealthily into the interior of the apartment.

Six figures are stretched upon the filthy floor—
all sleeping. As he sees them, he again draws
back, as if in doubt. Then, he raises his hand
to his head, and scratches it through his tan-
gled hair, as if he had been puzzled. Again,
he looks in, and this time he does not examine
the countenances of the sleepers. His doubtful
look wanders round the apartment.

The redly glowing light from the lantern on
the rude table, in the centre, catches upon the
ladder leading to the loft. With a quick
movement, as if of contempt for his previous

doubt, whatever it may have been, he once
more draws back. A flash of joy may be seen
in that fiery eye as the head of the man was
losing itself in the shadow.

No mistake could be made by one who had
before seen it.

Fiercer, more covetous, more malignant it
might be than it seemed when first encoun-
tered, or, even, when last looked upon. But
that eye was the eye of Mallowitz—uncle of
Flodorowna, and Starost of Yerkowa.

CHAPTER XVII.—WAKING OR SLEEPING—IN TWO
PLACES AT ONCE—A SLEUTH-HOUND ON THE
SCENT—UNABLE TO CRY ALOUD OR WARN—THE
KNIFE IN THE HAND—SLUMBER AND MURDER
—IT IS NO VISION—LIKE A WOUNDED PANTHER
—THE BLOW FALLS.

WHEN Flodorowna and her temporary com-
panion had retired to their room for the night,
Anna Vasilivitch, having heard the few words
which had passed before and after she was per-
mitted to remain in her parents' own dwelling,
thought it necessary for her to assume the
chirurgical duties which she was capable of per-
forming.

This, however, the serf would not allow her
to do.

Although the wound in her arm chafed and
made her uneasy, she entertained no question
of the skill of her former mistress, and abso-
lutely refused to permit Anna Vasilivitch to
unbind or examine it.

Yet, the girl, child as she was, pale and
weakly as she might seem, would have attended
to it with more care, and certainly more knowl-
edge, than Catharine Dolgorouki could have
displayed. She was the only acknowledged
medical practitioner then residing in or near
the village in which she was born, and in which
she would probably die. Her mother, who was
now dead, had been what they then named,
and have recently still named in France, "*une
femme sage*." It was true, that she possessed a
far wider and more discursive range of surgical
and medical ability than her daughter had.

She had attended to broken limbs, crushed
ribs, and many a back lacerated by the knout—
besides all classes of midwifery cases—with
what a modern son of Galen would have ad-
vertised as a "tremendous success." Perhaps
the child was not greatly inferior in knowledge
to her parent, although she undoubtedly lacked
practical experience.

But, although the serf owned by Monsieur
Henri de Chateaupers may, upon her own ac-
count, have been wrong in rejecting the skill
of the Potzeck doctor, her *naïve* determina-
tion to trust to Catharine Dolgorouki, indis-
putably had a decided advantage for another
person.

Having prayed devoutly, as Anna also did,
with that half-heathenish faith in the saints
they called upon, which characterizes the reli-
gion of the Russian serf, the two undressed
themselves, and, as Henri de Chateaupers and
Sapichy had done, retired to rest.

The arm of the daughter of Vasil, young as
she was, was laid protectingly and caressingly
around the neck of the blue-eyed girl. She
slept. Flodorowna may have slept also. It
would be impossible to decide. But, to the
hour of her death, she believed that she had
not slumbered. The hand of her Patron Saint
had stretched itself out to her—his lips had
bidden her arise—he had loosened the arms
of Anna Vasilivitch from around her form, and
had drawn her from her unconscious com-
panion.

She had arisen.

He had then led her—how, she knew not—
from that room in the loft of the *kabak* at
Potzeck, to the chamber at Berenzoff in which
she had thrust herself between the blade of
Paul Dimitry and the heart of him whom she
loved. Again, she felt the pang of that grinding
steel, with the joy of her self-sacrifice.

Then she saw the snake-like command in the
young Russian's devilish glance.

Mallowitz left the apartment. Its door was
closed—and she followed him.

Underneath that boulder, this side of Yer-
kowa, she was with the Starost—saw herself
pass, and heard his words. In an agony of
dread—she knew not why—she endeavored to
stretch out her hand and stay him, but he was
gone. She still followed. With Sapichy Dolgo-
rouki, she saw him when the storm broke.

Afterward, he was piling wood in that deserted
hut in the storm-swept forest, to warm his
shivering form, but fled once more into the
blinding tempest when, through it, he heard the
tramp, on the wet spikes of the pine-trees, of
the feet of Henri de Chateaupers, bearing her
form.

Trembling with terror, she watched him, as
crouching in the darkness, and hidden by the
dwaried oak, he watched her new master.

The knife was unsheathed in his hand. She
saw it gleam in the rush of the lightning, and
would have screamed, but as the morning
gradually broke, and the storm passed away,
he vanished.

No time seemed to have intervened, yet she
was again with him. The country was no
longer familiar to her—but she knew it. It
was the same that, for the first time, she had
seen on this day. They had passed him upon
the road. While they were stopping to break
their fast before the hovel of a wood-cutter, at
the edge of the wide estates of the Boyard
Dimitry, he was tolling through the forest-slope
upon their right. Every savage word he spoke,
she could plainly hear. His quick trot covered
the ground, rough and broken as it was, almost
as rapidly as they had cleared the easier road.

She felt the insane thirst for blood which had
gradually mastered him. Tolling on like the
wild-cat that instinctively tracks its prey, he
had not touched any food—save the crust of
black bread he had hurriedly caught up when
he paused in his own dwelling—since he had
quitted Berenzoff.

It was a clear night, and the sun had already
long sunken beneath the dark gray hills.

He was rapidly approaching Potzeck. She again saw the roofs of the village, and a spire or two of smoke piercing the gray heaven.

Twilight had been succeeded by moonlight. Sitting down upon the stem of a hewn pine, some distance from the village, he sat and brooded, until it was within more or less than an hour of midnight. Rising then, stiff and sore with that lengthy travel, without rest and almost without food—she seemed to follow him among the houses.

What would she not have given, to go and warn him whom she knew her uncle had marked for murder?

Her desire seemed vain. She must follow him on to the last.

His bony fingers were now clutching on the railing of the steps leading up to the *kabak*, in which she knew the man whom she adored, was sleeping. Once more, she would have endeavored to scream aloud. It was in vain. Her dread seemed actually frozen upon her lips.

She saw him gaze in at the door—saw him draw back, and pass his coarsely powerful fingers through the tangled hair which hung matted with sweat and dirt across his brow. How she wished that he would turn, yet knew that he would not. Again, he gazes in. She sees the devilish look of fierce pleasure flashing over his grimy face. He enters, treading, subtly and silently, across the sleeping bodies of the six men stretched upon the floor. Why does not Ivan wake? Is Erikler sleeping until the Day of Judgment? Already standing at the foot of the stairs, she can see the long and cruel blade of his knife glistening in the dim light of the solitary lantern. He mounts the steps leading to the loft. One of them creaks audibly beneath his tread, subtle and stealthy as it is. Does no one hear it? No! Weariness and slumber deafen them.

Mallowitz is now in the chamber. The lamp is still burning. By its light, she can see the form of the snoring Sapichy sleeping the apparent sleep of the just. Beside him, she sees the shape of the man, each smile of whom, in her eyes, may outweigh an empire's ransom.

For the moment she forgets all else, as she looks on that frankly bold brow, with the curved and noble lips.

The raised and bared arm is flung back around his head. How peacefully royal, that motionless and silent face appears. To this man she belongs. Grandly handsome as she believes him, he owns her. Save he may choose it, none can take her from him. Never—never, shall he choose her to leave him.

As she is thinking this, and her lip wreathes with a happy smile, a dark form interposes between her and him. It is that of the Starost. His swarthy and unkempt head has its features turned from her. She can, however, see the broad, sharp, long blade flashing in his uplifted hand.

This is, at all events, no vision. No! It is too horribly real.

Barefooted—her yellow hair streaming over the coarse white drapery which falls from her unvalued shoulders and whitely panting bosom, she leaps forward, agile and grand as the wounded panther endeavoring to save her young from the hunter's weapon.

"Mallowitz! you shall not kill him."

Her uncle starts as he hears that wildly passionate cry, and Sapichy Dolgorouki springs to his feet.

But, the blow fell.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

In one of the poorest, narrowest streets of a beautiful foreign city, lived a woman and her little son, whom we will call Henri. The boy had no recollection of his father, who had cruelly deserted both his wife and child. Their only means of subsistence were what could be obtained by the woman's labor—such household work as could be obtained in the dwellings of the rich.

Sometimes she had to walk long distances to and from her occupation, but no murmur ever escaped her lips, save one of regret that her little fair-haired boy had to be left alone in her absence, and that she could not earn money enough to send him to school. Nature, however, all unaided, was teaching him without the help of books or masters, and everywhere in Florence (the city of flowers) there was more than sufficient to excite the admiration, and satisfy the cravings, of this child of genius, whose inquiring eyes would always rest on whatever was beautiful, and such was to be met with in every nook and corner of the grand old place. The "purple and transparent shadows," which flooded the whole city at eventide, and lit up the gorgeous palaces and churches fair, made for him so many glowing pictures, on which his poetical imagination dwelt long after the first impression had passed away.

During his mother's absence, the greater part of his time was spent in what we should call grubbing in the street-gutters, making odd-looking things of any soft material he could shape to the needed consistency, just as one sees children making sand houses at the seashore. These little juveniles generally set up, and then demolish, their buildings; Henri did nothing of the sort. Every one of those little lumps was molded into some form, copied either from nature or art, for in that beautiful city every street is a museum. Projections, bosses, finials, all are specimens of real architectural beauty, of a peculiar and distinctive type. For a long time the young boy continued to fashion objects of this sort, until, by a kind of fresh inspiration, he aimed at representing the human form; the only difficulty seemed to be how to obtain the models from which to work.

At length, a happy thought occurred to him. He had no money, but he could easily reward the sifter by giving him his next meal, and to lose that was as nothing compared to the joy he

felt at having some chance Arab who would answer his purpose, and who could be enticed by so small a guerdon to the artist's humble studio. In spite of his mother's remonstrances, Henri worked away early and late, every day becoming more passionately attached to his beloved art.

Years sped on without any public recognition of his talent, but his resolute, preserving nature would not allow him to be discouraged. It is true that he was poor; but then he was rich in hope, and sustained by the consciousness of that inward power which is the accompaniment of real genius. He never dreamed of envying others, but thought only of making himself perfect in what he determined should be the masterpiece of all his hitherto attempted studies; one which was now growing to ample proportions beneath his busy fingers.

At length, his task, or rather his labor of love, being complete, he told his mother that he should ask permission to show it at an exhibition of sculpture which was shortly to take place in his native city. He applied for permission; and his request was granted, on condition that the statue should be sent forth to the hall of inspection.

"That, gentlemen, is impossible," replied Henri. "I am very poor; and the apartment in which I live is so small that my work could only be removed by taking off the roof."

The men looked at each other in amazement; but there was so much simplicity and honesty in the youth, that, after conferring together for a few moments, they proposed to accompany him home, to see the marvelous production, to which Henri at present declined to give any name. They followed him up the narrow staircase to the little garret, and looked around in vain for the wonder they had come to behold. Henri saw their surprise, and without a word, threw back a balize curtain from the floor, and revealed to them the lay-figure, life size, of a murdered man. The gentlemen started back in amazement. So lovely, in death, were the lineaments of that exquisite face, so faultless in form, so wonderfully expressive of purity and innocence, that they could not believe it the work of an untutored youth, entirely devoid of art-education and of the laws of anatomy, which the most critical admitted were perfectly unassailable in the figure before them. No; they would not credit it, and avowed their belief that he had been implicated in some terrible crime, for which the victim had served as a model. It was in vain that the young sculptor protested, explained; they were inexorable, and declared he should be sent to prison, and there await the issue of the charge preferred against him. They further desired him at once to name the counsel for his defense.

"He shall appear, gentlemen, on the day of trial; I cannot give his name before."

Amazed beyond measure at the calmness and self-possession displayed by Henri, they felt compelled to acquiesce. Either his youth, his beauty, or his earnestness—perhaps all three combined—made the judges so far mitigate their severity, as to allow him the use of his tools, and the admission of visitors, during his imprisonment.

It is needless to dwell on the disappointment to the youth at this terrible blow to his long-cherished desires—hardly less on his own account than on that of his good mother, whom he had hoped to place beyond the need of all further earthly wants. It will better please the reader to learn that he did not yield himself up to despair. His will was nerved to plan, his hand to execute, another statue equal if not superior to the one he had already achieved.

It will readily be imagined that the advent of such a trial as that now impending caused no small stir in the city. The hitherto obscure life of the young sculptor, and the stand he had made about his counsel, very considerably enhanced the anxiety and excitement of the public. Many, unable to restrain their impatience, visited him in prison—some, doubtless, impelled by curiosity, others moved by some higher motive. Among these were two distinguished-looking individuals, who chanced at that time to be sojourning in Florence. One was considerably past middle age; the other (said to be his nephew) was a young man, of remarkably handsome countenance and noble figure. No restriction seemed to be put either on the frequency or length of their visits; whilst to poor Henri, the time thus spent was as gold and sunshine in this otherwise dark phase of his career.

Greatly to the astonishment of every one, his mother had removed to a handsome *loggia* in the best quarter of the city; her sadness of heart and countenance seemed to have vanished; and there was a gladness in her whole bearing, such as none who had known her had ever before seen. "It is a great mystery, certainly," said the gossips; "how this change should have come about before her son's fate is decided!"

At length, the all-important day arrived. The judges (who had never seen the prisoner since the day of his arrest), being assembled in the great hall of the Assembly, desired the prisoner might be brought in. The prone figure was placed on the platform, concealed as before, with the cloth of green balize; whilst, at its side, but considerably raised, was another, also covered. The question was at once put as to what counsel he had employed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am my own counsel. You question my ability to give you a representation of 'Death'; here is one of 'Life.' My subject is, 'The Murder of Abel by his Brother Cain.'"

Both coverings were withdrawn. Profound stillness succeeded this declaration, followed by a burst of admiration such as had never before been heard in Florence in the nineteenth century. Foremost of his admirers were his former accusers. The news was instantly carried to the king, who commanded the statues to be bought, and placed in the Pitti Palace.

"It is not possible, gentlemen, for me to obey the command of my sovereign," said Henri;

"the sculptures are no longer mine, having been purchased by the emperor of Russia. The money I have had for them has paid for my mother's present abode, and placed me for ever beyond the reach of want."

The nephew of the Russian ambassador, Kissaloff, had served as a model for the arm of "Cain"; and those to whom his features were familiar at once recognized the handsome face.

The narrator of this circumstance has seen the statues at St. Petersburg, in a building expressly erected for their reception. The sculptor's name was Dupré, since become one of world-wide celebrity.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The remains of a fossil serpent, about 30 feet long, and of a species new to science, have been found in the Eocene green-sand of New Jersey.

M. LENOIRMANT recently read a paper before the Académie des Sciences in favor of a theory, based upon philological data, that the horse is of Asiatic and the ass of African origin.

M. BOUSSINGAULT concludes, from analyses of clear and opaque emeralds from the New Granada mines, that the coloring matter of the gem is due to metallic oxides, and not, as suggested by Loewy, to organic matter.

The water-power of Maine, derived from the rivers and streams, is estimated, by an official report, at between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 horse-power. The approximate area of the lakes, ponds, and rivers of the State is placed at 3,200 square miles, and the area of forests at 21,000 square miles. Maine, it is asserted, has 1,563 lakes—more, in proportion to its size, than any other country of the globe, with a few exceptions—and 1,220,200,000 cubic feet of water are annually delivered by her rivers.

FIRE-FLIES.—If we are to believe Mouffet (and the story is not incredible), the appearance of tropical fire-flies, on one occasion, led to a more important result than might have been expected from such a cause. He tells us that when Sir T. Cavendish and Sir R. Dudley first landed in the West Indies, and saw, in the evening, an infinite number of moving lights in the woods, which were merely these insects, they supposed that the Spaniards were advancing upon them, and immediately betook themselves to their ships—a result as well entitling the elaters to a commemorative feast as a similar good office of the land crabs of Hispaniola, which, as the Spaniards tell (and the story is confirmed by an anniversary *Fiesta de los Cangrejos*), by their clattering—mistaken by the enemy for the sound of Spanish cavalry close upon their heels—in like manner scared away a body of English invaders of the city of St. Domingo.

STAR HEAT.—The question if the stars radiate perceptible heat is claimed by Mr. Stone of the Greenwich, (England), Observatory, to have been settled, by him, in the affirmative. He has measured the heat from two well-known stars; Arcturus, the leading brilliant of the Herdsman, and Vega, the chief star of the Lyre. From a careful measurement of their light, Sir John Herschel long since determined that these stars are of equal splendor; but Arcturus shines with a ruddy, yellow light, while Vega exhibits a color which has been compared to the gleam of highly-polished steel. The estimates of their heat correspond with the aspect of these orbs. The fiery Arcturus sends us about twice as much heat as the bluish Vega. Minute indeed is the quantity of heat received from either star, even Arcturus having a direct heating effect corresponding to but about the 800,000th part of a degree, Fahrenheit. Or, Mr. Stone remarks, the result may be otherwise stated as follows: "The heat received from Arcturus is sensibly the same as that from the face of a three-inch iron cube full of boiling water at a distance of 363 yards."

THE VOLCANIC FISH.—This name has been given to a variety of fish known to science as *Arges Cyclopterus*, but called in the Highlands of Ecuador, where it is found, *Pregadilla*. In 1803, Humboldt, then in Ecuador, was fortunate enough to witness an eruption of Volcano Cotopaxi, during which, among other products, a large quantity of these fishes was ejected. The inquiries immediately instituted, and the investigations of more recent travelers, have brought to light the astounding fact, that from time to time, though at irregular periods, fishes are cast up from the interior of the mountain during volcanic eruptions. This phenomenon is not confined to Cotopaxi; it has been observed also in other centres of volcanic action—to wit, Tungurahua, Sangay, Imbabura, Carguérigo, etc.—all of them in the same range. From the craters of these volcanoes, or from fissures in their sides, it is an ascertained fact that fish are vomited forth at an height of some 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, and about half that height above the surrounding plains. Nor is it a mere chance fish or two that finds its way to the outer world through this strange opening. They are ejected in such countless shoals that, on more than one occasion, the fetid exhalations proceeding from their putrid bodies have spread disease and death over the neighboring regions. Such was the case in 1601, when the volcano of Imbabura vomited myriads of these fish over the town of Ibarra and its environs; on this occasion, pestilential fevers desolated the neighborhood. The same occurred when the summit of the volcano of Carguérigo fell in (June 10, 1699), and millions of *Pregadillas* were thrown out of the sides of the mountain, mingled with mud and clay. At a later period, the lands of a certain Marquis de Salvaegoe were completely covered with these fish, the infectious odor from whose decaying bodies poisoned the surrounding country. As far as the external world is concerned, these fishes are known to exist in some lakes on the sides of these mountains, 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea-level. It is presumable that these lakes communicate with reservoirs in the interior, where the *Pregadillas* are generated, and thus find their way through the crater. But this is mere conjecture. Nor, after all, does it help much toward removing the difficulties by which the phenomenon is surrounded. If these supposed lakes do exist in the interior of the mountain, how strange must be their situation, which allows of fish living in them at an ordinary temperature, and yet places these same fish exactly "in the line of fire" when the contents of this huge earth-stomach are discharged by the crater's mouth! If the internal lakes do not exist, whence come the myriads of fish which are ever and anon ejected? Not the least curious part of the affair is, that, though some of the fish reach *terra firma* in a half-boiled condition, most of them are perfectly raw, and not a few are even alive, in spite of the fiery ordeal through which they have had to pass.

NEWS BREVITIES.

PROVIDENCE is to have a new city hall.

THE HALIFAX POOR HOUSE has one hundred cases of typhoid fever.

THE sheep-growers of Iowa are turning their attention toward Kansas.

MONTPELIER, Vt., is now furnished with gas at six dollars per thousand feet.

THE California Legislature is to repeal the law against Sunday theatres, etc.

Boston has fined a man three dollars for attempting to kiss a lady in the street.

THE last term of the Supreme Court for Windham county, Vt., granted twenty-one divorces.

A WOMEN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION was organized at Battle Creek, Michigan, on the 7th instant.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., is selling goods to Texas, shipping them via St. Louis, New Orleans, and Galveston.

THERE is a business association in Michigan known as the Rifle River and Wigwam Bay Boom Company.

THE whaler True Love is 106 years old. She was built in Philadelphia, but is now owned in Hull, England.

A SCHOOLBOY, while playing with his schoolmates at Wenona, Mich., recently, fell on his head and broke his neck.

RELIGIOUS revivals are in progress in New Jersey, at Cold Brook, Centerville and Pleasant Corner, Hunterdon county.

THE elongated Chinaman Chang, and his little almond-eyed wife, King Foo, have joined Newcomb's Negro Minstrel Troupe.

THE railroad from Collinsville to New Hartford, Conn., is rapidly approaching completion. The cars will be running by April 1.

ST. LOUIS Irish citizens have organized a joint stock company to publish a weekly newspaper, devoted to the interests of the Irish.

KEENE, N.H., elected to the State Legislature, at the recent election, Gen. James Wilson, whom it elected to the same office forty-five years ago.

SAN FRANCISCO, to say nothing of the rest of California, threatens to go wild once more over the recent gold discoveries near the head of the San Diego River.

A FRIEND of Mr. Burlingame says he had great expectations of the future of the Pacific States, where he intended to settle after accomplishing his treaty duties.

A SIGN one hundred and seventy feet long and five wide, containing over eighteen hundred feet of lumber, is about to be put up on a machine-shop in Worcester, Mass.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has received a gift of \$2,000 from two friends, for its library, and a collection of fossils, of considerable size and value, from its admirers in England.

A MISSOURI paper observes that the National House of Representatives is a rough, turbulent sea, but it is remarkable how soon a member finds his true level and standing.

PROF. ROHRIG, of the Cornell University, received, last week, from the Sultan of Turkey, the glittering star of the Imperial Order of the Medjidie, accompanied by a very flattering letter.

A BILL passed the Kentucky House of Representatives on the 10th inst., making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a severe fine, to import Texas cattle to the grazing counties of Kentucky.

THE Governor of Illinois has pardoned Flora Mills, the young girl who was recently sent to State Prison for burglary in Quincy. She is to be placed in a reformatory institution in Cincinnati.

THE Louisiana Legislature has passed a bill incorporating the Mississippi Valley Levee Company, with a capital of \$50,000,000. This important measure was first proposed in the Louisville Commercial Convention.

AN Indiana farmer thought he saw a ghost in a cemetery the other night. He procured his gun, thinking he would try the effect of cold lead on the apparition, fired, and brought down his own poor old white horse.

A TEACHER in San Francisco has been sent to jail for six months for cruelly punishing a pupil, the judge remarking that all the schools had better be abolished than to allow such savage and brutal punishment to be inflicted.

LOUISVILLE sends us a bit of queer news. It is that Jeff Davis is writing a novel, which he will complete before the year is out. It relates to the Mexican war, is not to touch on recent politics, and will be published first in England.

"PRESIDENT" RIEKLE, of the Red River Republic, has concluded not to shoot the Canadian prisoners in Fort Garry. He has, however, pronounced sentence of banishment on another of the enemies of his "republic"—Dr. Schultz.

SINCE last October, 53,000 emigrants, black and white, have passed through Memphis, of whom 15,000 were foreigners, principally from the neighborhood of Chicago, hunting homes in the Cotton States. The blacks are principally from Virginia.

HON. JOHN WETHERED has presented the State of Maryland two rare ancient maps of its territory, procured by him in London some time since. They are skeleton charts, with bays, rivers, and boundaries marked in black lines, and were published long before the Revolution.

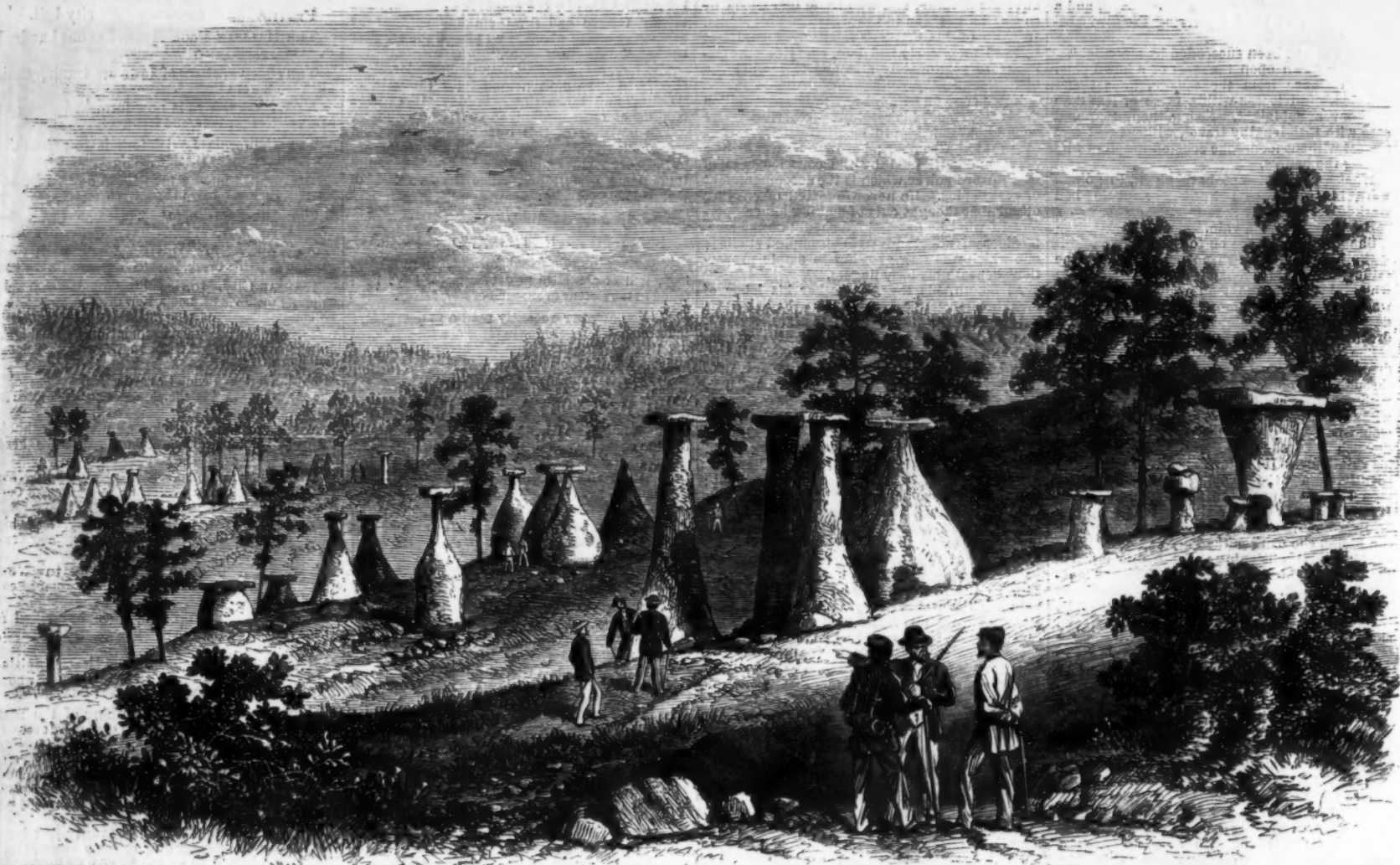
A BOY arrived at Galena, Ill., the other day, who was stolen by the Indians, on the Chippewa River, Wis., sixteen years ago. He was then three years old, and has been with the Indians ever since. He was seen by his sister a few weeks since, and induced to return to his parents.

AN old lady in Alabama, not long ago, agreed to dispose of her estate to a young man, at her death, for \$20,000, and the young man immediately insured her life for his benefit for that amount. She died in a short time, whereupon he collected the policy, and paid for the property.

Boston protests against the destruction of Independence Square, in Philadelphia, and asks what the country would think and say, if she proposed to dig down Bunker Hill to fill up the flats on Mystic River, or to destroy Faneuil Hall for any purpose of ordinary convenience or emolument.

PHILADELPHIA has a novel will case. It appears that a man and his wife each made a will in favor of the other, at the same time, but, by some blunder, the man signed his wife's will, and the wife signed her husband's. Not until after the death of the husband was the mistake discovered.

CUMBERLAND, Md., is suffering from an undue amount of rowdiness and crime. On one night six buildings in the city were fired by incendiaries, the streets were filled with drunken men, stones were thrown through the windows of several houses, and a general feeling of insecurity, apprehension, and alarm prevailed.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—MONUMENTS ON MONUMENT CREEK, COLORADO, NEAR THE LINE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

ACROSS THE CONTINENT. OVERLAND SCENES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE tourist who passes from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the newly opened route, finds an abundance of things to amuse and interest him during the whole extent of his journey. He may have no knowledge of scientific matters, and cast only a casual glance at the hills and valleys, the mountains and ravines, the rocks and the sands, along his route; but, notwithstanding his professional ignorance, he will be charmed with what he sees. And if he adds to his ordinary intelligence an acquaintance with geology, and the kindred sciences, he will find double enjoyment and abundant opportunity for applying his knowledge to practical use. From the time one reaches the Rocky Mountains till the Pacific Ocean rolls before his eyes, there is an almost unbroken succession of wonders that tax the skill of the geologist, and leave room for the most liberal conjectures.

South of Denver, and almost at the foot of Pike's Peak, is the famous monument region of Colorado. A stream that flows through it bears the name of Monument Creek, and its banks are studded here and there with the formations shown in the picture, and looking more like works of art than of nature. The pillars and statues rise to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, in different colors and fantastic shapes. With a little imagination one can see Pagan idols, cardinals and friars, cottages, castles, and many other familiar forms. We can easily fancy that he has discovered men as trees walking. Most of the monuments are covered with broad caps, owing to the superior hardness of the upper stone that preserved it unbroken while the lower strata were crumbling away. They stand thickly over hundreds of acres, in the midst of the pines, and make the spectator fancy himself in Greenwood or some other great cemetery, where hundreds of the cherished dead have been laid away to rest. The first time I rode along the banks of Monument Creek, the sun was just setting,

and, as the shadows of the trees and rocks lengthened, and the gloom of evening gathered, the resemblance to a cemetery was forcibly impressed upon all our party. As we left the valley and crossed the dividing ridge, we passed a mass of rocks that closely resembled a church, the illusion being made more perfect by a tall shaft that shot upward like a spire. "This is the house of worship," said one of my companions,

"and that which we have just passed, is the 'God's Acre,' where the race that once peopled this region is buried."

The valley of Green River is full of natural curiosities, in the shape of sharp peaks and detached rocks, that seem to have been tumbled about when giants, of a magnitude we would hardly wish to imagine, were at play. One of the rocks has taken, or received, the name of

The Giant's Club, and certainly the giant who could wield it must be of proportions more than colossal. It rises with almost perpendicular sides, and the man who would attempt to scale it must be of an adventurous spirit indeed. A curious feature about the rock is its composition, which shows it to have been formed originally at the bottom of a lake. The rock lies in regular strata, and most of them contain

fossils of plants and fishes. The plants are all extinct species, and closely allied to our fruit and forest trees; but among them are some palms, indicating a warmer climate in the days when the deposit was formed. Dr. F. V. Hayden, an able geologist, who has spent seventeen years in exploring the regions drained by the Missouri and its northern branches, has given attention to the valley of Green River, and examined its fossils. He found the plants in the upper part of the rock, and, about a hundred feet lower down, he discovered the remains of fishes, all of them belonging to fresh water, and all extinct species. They were embedded in oily shales, and insects were found with them, in a remarkably good state of preservation; there were also the feathers of birds, and a few seeds and water-plants, along with the fishes. This shale rock is so impregnated with oily matter, evidently derived from the animal life buried in it, that it can be made to burn. On one occasion, the workmen on the road built a fire on the track, and these petroleum shales ignited, and burned for a day or two. There are also in these hills several beds of an earthy substance, which has been used, in a stove, for fuel. It is not really vegetable matter, like coal, but masses of earth, impregnated with oil; the oil burns out with a good flame and much heat, though the great mass of earth is still left. Consequently, it proved a failure for practical purposes. These rocks belong to one of the great fresh-water lakes that abounded in this region during the Tertiary Period.

ROBERT D. HOLMES.

THE death of this gentleman, eminent as he was, both as a lawyer and a literary man, will be more generally regretted than that of any member of either profession now living in this city, would



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE GIANT'S CLUB, A WATER FORMATION ON GREEN RIVER, NEAR THE LINE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW IDIOT-ASYLUM, RANDALL'S ISLAND.—IDIOTS AT DINNER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

be. Mr. Holmes was, during his life, the most prominent Mason in the State of New York. Past Grand Worthy Master of the Grand Lodge of this State, having filled that high and responsible office for two terms—having passed with Masonry through its times of evil repute—having consistently supported it against division, and ever evinced the warmest devotion to its broadly Christian principles—possessing a keen, sagacious and brave spirit, which eminently fitted him for the high position in it, to which he attained, the regret for his death will be almost universal among his brethren. It is so, among all who were intimately acquainted with the man himself.

At the age of fifty-one years and nine months—scarcely more than of middle age, with his intellectual powers unimpaired, and his brain as full of vitality as ever—attacked a short time previously by a complication of diseases, he expired on Saturday evening, March 12th, with his wife near him. Scarcely half an hour previously, he had been reading to her with a liveliness and vitality which argued fairly for his recovery. Yet, in that brief space of time, she was left a widow.

He was a native of this city, and was educated at the old Public School No. 3. When he quitted it, with a fair amount of education, he was for some time undecided as to the pursuit for which he was best fitted. However, he became the private secretary of Mr. Henry Eckford, the well-known shipbuilder—a connection which proved of very great advantage to the development of his mind, as, during its continuance, he accompanied that gentleman on an extended European tour. On returning from it to the United States, he decided upon the profession he intended to follow, and commenced the study of Law, having been admitted to the Bar some twenty-nine years since. Almost at the same time, he made his debut as a Journalist. As a lawyer, although inferior to men like Brady, Graham and O'Connor, on the score of his comparative lack of legal temper, he was, nevertheless, eloquent and skillful; while as a journalist he exhibited a capacity for almost any subject, being a good raconteur, an able critic, and, on occasions, a powerful and telling political writer. Indeed, in these respects his intellect bore a strong similarity to that of the present Mayor of this city—A. Oakey Hall. In politics, he was a Democrat of the old stripe, before the corruption of power had impaired the honesty and utility of that still

powerful party organization. The only public office which he ever held was, however, that of a member of the Board of Excise. He, probably, was not sufficiently clever in, or sufficiently amenable to wire-pulling, either to use or be used by the men who control the positions that the professional politician electioneers for. It was, however, as the Masonic Editor of the *New York Dispatch* that he was most widely known, until his election as Grand W. Master of the Grand Lodge induced him to relinquish the position, in order to remove any suspicion of his endeavoring to carry out his views in the internal government of the Lodge by extraneous influence—an action more worthy of praise, when it is remembered what ability and energy he had displayed on behalf of the brotherhood, during the internecine struggle which took place in its ranks some fifteen or sixteen years since. It was at no common sacrifice, indeed, that he accepted the place to which he had been called. In addition to giving up his position as one of the few recognized Masonic writers of pre-eminent ability in the country, he seriously injured his professional business as a lawyer; and, although, at the close of his second term of office he returned to his labors with a certainty of regaining all that he had abandoned, in a brief space of time, the Will of his Maker called him from the life in which, with numerous faults, he had been such an industrious, warm-hearted, and, let it also be said, so noble a worker.

As an acquaintance, few could say a word against him—as a friend, none.

He leaves behind him a wife—of whose amiability and intelligence it is not the province of a journalist to speak—and three young children. The eldest of these is a boy. He is barely nine years of age, but promises, up to the present, to develop even more talent than his deceased parent possessed, although it will be, perhaps, impossible for him to rival the geniality, wit, frankness and unflinching truth of his father's character.

THE FOUNDLING-HOSPITAL AND IDIOT-ASYLUM ON RANDALL'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER.

Of late years the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections have been very busy in answering the demands for greater accommodations, made by the different classes of their unfortunate charges. The last two years have witnessed the erection of new and beautiful structures to replace the contracted and well-worn ones that have afforded shelter and kind treatment to hundreds of human beings, whom circumstances have removed beyond the crowded city. Old buildings, too, have been remodeled, enlarged, made more cheerful, and brought under more strict hygienic rules. The effect of these measures,

of these expenditures of the public money, is seen, not only in the wonderfully improved appearance of the Islands that dot the East River—localities once masses of rugged rocks, but now teeming with life, and flashing the rays of the sun from unnumbered turrets, domes, and minarets—but in the condition of the people for whom the accommodations are prepared.

The Sanitary condition of the various departments under the Commissioners' care, with few exceptions—and those applying to old edifices which have not as yet been touched by the hand of improvement—compare favorably with that of any similar institutions in the world.

The latest works of the Commissioners—the erection of an Idiot's Asylum and a Foundling-Hospital—both on Randall's Island—covers a necessity long prevailing. The Lunatic Asylum, with its old-fashioned corridors, and cramped apartments, was not equal to the emergency of supplying homes for idiotic patients, nor were any other buildings sufficient. They had their own proper class.

The new asylum for those victims of idiocy not included under the head of maniacal patients, is a model building, both in architectural beauty, and the arrangement and appointments of its various departments. The number of cases under treatment is quite large, but the apartments are so commodious and cheerful, and the system of discipline so thorough, that the humane work progresses quietly, and with beneficial results. Our illustration shows a

party of idiots at dinner, and introduces that wonderful being, John House, whose case long since excited the curiosity of medical and benevolent gentlemen. He is now near thirty years of age, but fails to give any evidence of intellectual power. The Commissioners have dealt kindly with him, having placed him in all their institutions, at different times, in the hope that some scene, some class of persons, or some circumstance, might excite in him at least a spark of intelligence; but the poor idiot is as far from the exercise of the divine gift of thought as ever.

Only one object appears to attract his attention, and that is a watch. He approaches visitors, and fumbles about their clothing until he satisfies himself. Should a watch be found, he will draw it from the pocket, examine it with apparent interest, very likely kiss it, and then, returning it to its place, walk away. Should he fail to find one, his displeasure is shown in a fit of intense nervousness.

Of the new Foundling-Hospital but little



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW FOUNDLING-HOSPITAL, RANDALL'S ISLAND, IN CHARGE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

needs be said, for it is, like the institution just described, constructed after such liberal plans, that it speaks of its own excellence. Our readers are not unacquainted with this particularly delicate branch of Christian labor and care, for we have already given full illustrations of the work in New York City. The present hospital of the Commissioners has, in addition to the most complete arrangements for its little patients, the advantage of careful, attentive nurses, whose hearts seem wedded to their holy work.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

HANDY book-markers—Dirty fingers.
PARLOR magazines—Kerosene lamps.
"TRUE as steel"—Wall street brokers.
A LABORIOUS occupation—Shop-lifting.
OLD-FASHIONED fire-places—Etna and Vesuvius.
AN atmospheric annoyance—A pneumatic bore.
"YOUNG ladies of the lower parlor"—Kitchen-girls.

BED-RIDDEN—Those who travel by night in sleeping-cars.

FASHIONABLE young ladies—like letters—require stamps, or the males will reject them.

THE Suez Canal is like the style of some writers—it flows smoothly enough, but lacks depth.

NOTICES of marriages and deaths should always be paid for, because one is an advertisement of co-partnership, [limited?] and the other is a notice of dissolution, and business is business.

SCENE IN AN OMNIBUS.—Fat woman with a fat baby—"Must get in." Polite Gentleman—"Impossible, madam! (To the driver)—You full?" Driver—"You're a fool yourself! Squeeze in there!"

It was well said of a handsome woman, whose feet were immense: "She's very pretty, but she upsets completely the ordinary system of measurement, by proving that two feet make a yard."

TWO FARMERS in Kansas recently had a lawsuit about seven pounds of butter. When the jury retired, they took with them the butter, procured some crackers, ate them together, and returned a verdict of "No cause of action."

An elderly Baptist lady, living up the Missouri, writes a private letter to a friend: "We can't get to meeting this weather, but the minister said with us three days; we gave him ten pounds of butter and a ham, and you better believe we kept him praying while he staid."

The late Lord Dudley and Ward was one of the most absent of men. Meeting Sydney Smith one day, in the street, he invited him to meet himself! "Dine with me to-day—dine with me to-day—I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." The witty canon admitted the temptation held out to him, but said: "I am engaged with him elsewhere."

A YOUNG man, accompanied by his lady-love, took breakfast at one of our hotels the other day. Never having seen any fish-balls, he handed one to his lady, under the impression that it was a doughnut. After breaking his own, he carefully examined then smelt of it, and with a sepulchral voice said: "Sai don't eat that doughnut; there is something dead in this."

A VALPARAISO merchant recently receiving a challenge from an officer with whom he had quarreled, sent back this answer: "I have no desire whatsoever to kill you, still less do I desire to be killed myself. Here is what I propose. Go to the nearest wood. Choose a tree about as stout as myself, place yourself fifty, thirty, or even fifteen steps from it—just as you like—and then fire bravely on the tree. If you hit it, I will admit that I was in the wrong, and will offer you an apology. In the contrary case, I shall be ready to receive yours."

A SCHOOL-MISTRESS had among her scholars one incorrigible little misdoer, upon whom "moral suasion" seemed to have no effect. One day, out of all patience with some misdeed on the part of the child, she called her up to the desk, and expostulated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, setting forth the enormity of her offences, etc. The young girl paid little or no attention at first, but at length she seemed to realize her guilt more fully, and watching her teacher closely, seemed to drink in every word she said. The lady began to have hope; her instructions were evidently making an impression. At length she made a slight pause—for breath—when up spoke the child, with eyes fixed upon her governess, and with the utmost gravity: "Why, Miss Jones, your upper jaw don't move a bit!"

A SHORT time ago an Irishman happened to be traveling in a train, accompanied by his wife, when a collision happened. His wife received a severe contusion between the eyes, for which the jury awarded fifty pounds damages. Some time after the affair had blown over, the following confession, or something to that effect, was elicited from the plaintiff, in a moment of unguarded conviviality: "Well, ye see, when 't'collision happened, 't'ould woman and I wur all reet; but when I looked out o' 't' carriage, I saw a lot o' fellies in a terrible state. One sings out, 'Ky, lad! I've gotten my head cut open; I'll ha' twenty pound for this.' Twenty pound, ye darned fule,' cried another; 'I've gotten my shoulder out, and I'll ha' forty pound for't.' When I heard this, 't'ould woman, the clever 'business' man, 'I jumped at 't'ould woman straight out, and druv my head right betwixt her eyes—and we've gotten fifty pound for't!"

A SENSIBLE young lady, who is not suffering so much for suzerage as some of her sisters, thus poetizes her wants:

I want a man whose only thought
Is me, and me alone;
Who never sees me but he's brought,
A something for His Own;
Who seems to have a hundred hands,
To shelter me in storm,
Who seems to have a hundred fans
When I am very warm,
Who worries to hear me cough,
But loves to hear me read,
Who always takes my rubbers off!
Ah! that is what I need.
A spark who kindles by degrees,
Until I see him drop
To pop the question on his knees,
Then say to question "Pop."

THE SCOTCH MUSIC-MASTER.—A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes, lad, and gie us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw for ever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper mean help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a pound, open face pointing to a Semibreve between two lines of a bar, he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat an' wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; an' if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first."

Now, whene'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellow's legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

Dr. SHERMAN'S

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Dr. Sherman hereby notifies the public that the card signed Thomas Dodd, published in connection with a letter from Mr. Beecher, is a designed fraud in violation of all rules of decency, and a base swindle upon public credulity, there being no such individual.

HOW DR. SHERMAN

TREATED THE

Rev. J. V. HIMES.

HERNIA.

Rev. J. V. Himes, editor of the *Advent Christian Times*, Jan. 3d, 1870, writes to his paper as follows:

At 12 M. I had an interview with the celebrated Dr. Sherman, 607 Broadway. My special business here was to see him, and, if possible, get help for a bad and dangerous case of Hernia. Without help, I should have to be laid by—a thing I could hardly be reconciled to, though I have often thought that, on some accounts, I should be glad to have it so. Yet, I hope to be able to finish my course with joy, and lay all at the Master's feet at his coming.

My interview with the doctor was very pleasant and hopeful. He is master of his profession. He has invented new Hernial appliances, superior to any truss in the world. Besides, he entirely heals and cures his patients, so that they dispense with the instruments after a time.

Those who wish to consult Dr. Sherman can obtain his pamphlet for a dime. His pamphlet will give much important information to those suffering in that direction.

DR. SHERMAN'S METHOD WILL BE FOUND

A GUARANTEE RUPTURE CURE.

Office, 607 Broadway, New York.

COUGHS and Colds are often overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs or some chronic Throat Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy, giving, almost invariably, sure and immediate relief. Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing. Be sure to obtain the true "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—We call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisements of that favorite remedy, Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER. It has been before the public over thirty years, and probably has a wider and better reputation than any other proprietary medicine of the present day. It is sufficient evidence of its virtues as a standard medicine, to know that it is now used in all parts of the world, and that its sale is constantly on the increase. No curative agent has had such wide-spread sale, or given such universal satisfaction. It is a purely vegetable compound, and perfectly safe, even in unskillful hands. It is sold everywhere. Always keep a supply in your family.

Ye Pimpled, Blotched, and Ulcerated Victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

The Rice Divorce Suit, for fraud in age, is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men not to marry in haste. Rice is but twenty-two, his bride thirty-seven. He swears that she made him believe she was but his own age, by using Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck, and hands. Poor youth! he probably found her elbows weren't quite so soft and pretty. Ought Hagan to be indicted? We know of many similar cases. This Balm gives a most wonderful pearly and natural complexion, to which we don't object. We like pretty women. To finish the picture, they should use Lyon's Kathairon upon the hair. With deeply chin, rosy cheeks, and soft, luxuriant tresses, they become irresistible.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan.

Use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only Reliable and Harmless Remedy known to Science for removing brown discolorations from the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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A. S. BARNES & CO.,

111 and 113 William Street, New York.

ALL DRUGS

and narcotics are dangerous, but WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT always gives immediate benefit. Try it free at 181 Chatham Square, N. Y. Sold at all drug-stores.

ELIOT GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Boston, has the portrait of its best scholar in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, No. 180, issued March 23, and for sale that day by all newdealers.



By reference to the dates given above, it will be seen that this remarkable preparation has been before the public THIRTY YEARS, and the demand for it at this time, in all parts of the world, is greater than it has been at any former period. No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity. The various ills for which the Pain Killer is an unfailing cure, are too well known to require recapitulation in this advertisement. As an external and internal medicine, the Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is for sale by Druggists and Grocers generally.

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THE NOVELTY BROILER is made of double folded, small tinued wire, enclosing the Steak so as to permit of its being turned instantly at the proper moment; is so closely covered that no SMOKE OR DISAGREEABLE SMELL of burnt fat escapes, while a small hinged lid in the cover permits free inspection, and the juices of the meat are saved IN THE STEAK. As it covers the open part of the stove, the fire is never deadened. Can be seen in operation daily at the "Whitlock Exposition," 35 and 37 Park Place, New York. It is the best selling invention of the kind ever offered to the trade. For full descriptive circular, with price list, etc., etc., address

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The APRIL NUMBER is ready, with a rich and varied Table of Contents. With else that is interesting and instructive, it contains portraits of Thomas H. Shelby, Mayor of San Francisco; N. C. Ely, President American Institute Farmers' Club; Henry Bergh, the active New York Philanthropist; S. S. Packard; besides illustrated articles on Life in China; The Art of Engraving—its History; Philosophy of Faith; Phrenology; Magnetism; The Dust in the Air—what it Breeds; Yale Sketches; Capital vs. Labor; The Double Adoption; Beating Round the Bush; The Governors of New York—Morgan Lewis, Daniel D. Tompkins, De Witt Clinton; What Makes a Great Writer; A Plea for Bridget; Cheek; Prayer and Phrenology, etc. Only 30 cents; \$3 a year.

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The school year consists of two equal sessions of twenty weeks each, commencing in September, and terminating June 30th. Payments to be made quarterly, in advance.

The New Romance,

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AUTHOR OF "CLOSE PLAY FOR A MILLION,"
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MATA," "YOU HAVE HEARD OF
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Three Casts for a Life.

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This graphic and original story is laid in Russia, when it was emerging from the barbarism Peter the Great had so vigorously endeavored to eradicate. The remote period and rude habits of society then existing have given the author opportunities of describing character but little known to cursory readers; and thus a freshness is produced, which promises a rare and exciting romance. The plot, too, from its complicated nature, is exceedingly powerful. The institution of serfdom, and the arbitrary nature pervading the social system of Russia under the despotic government existing at the period of the tale, gives ample opportunity to display the author's talent.—*The Express*.

One of the most interesting novels of the present day is the production of Mr. C. C. Rosenberg, entitled "Three Casts for a Life," and now being published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. It is a careful and accurate picture of Russian life in the olden time, and is full of startling situations and exciting dialogue.—*The Sun*.

The novel which Mr. Rosenberg has recently commenced publishing in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* is a story of Russian life—not modern, but some hundreds of years since, when white serfdom was a Caucasian balance to black slavery. The tale is constructed with great vitality and a sufficiently energetic power to render it more than interesting.—*The Telegram*.

In *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* we have a new novel from this author, whose stirring incidents and romantic characters completely eclipse his preceding works. The story is laid in early Russia. As a serial work, it is well worth perusal, for it is so artistically managed that the interest increases with every chapter, and the reader is kept on the tip-toe of expectation, as incident follows upon incident, and new characters are developed. "Three Casts for a Life" promises to be the most brilliant of Mr. Rosenberg's serial stories.—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, who, a few years back, while managing a prominent Philadelphia paper, made many friends in this city, is publishing a new tale in the columns of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. The scene is laid in Northern Russia under the rule of the Empress Anna. A French gallant, Count Chateaufort, while journeying to visit a Boyard, is rescued from a morass by a lovely serf-girl. His romantic attachment to his protectress is becoming complicated with the claims of the son of her owner, whose recognition of her charms is as keen, though not as respectful, as his own. Mr. Rosenberg, as well known in the fine arts as in literature, has the artist's knowledge of composing and coloring a landscape or group so as to make it breathe and live; while he details a dialogue or accident as if it were passing under his eye. "Three Casts for a Life" will possibly bring in many new subscribers to the enterprising weekly in which it appears.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Three Casts for a Life" is the title of a new story appearing in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, from the pen of Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, well known in this community. The scene is laid in Russia, soon after the death of Peter the Great; and there is novelty in incidents and characters away from the beaten track. The chapters already published manifest graphic power of description, and give promise of an exciting romance, working out a complicated plot.—*Boston Transcript*.

The new novel by Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, now being published in *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, promises an ample field of interest for the readers of periodical literature. It is very vigorously composed, and is called "Three Casts for a Life," the scene being laid in a yet untried field—early Russia.—*Boston Post*.

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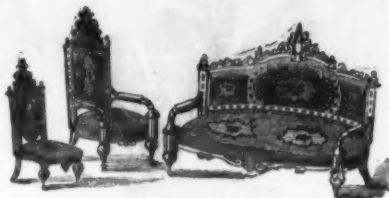
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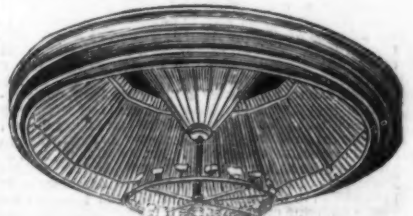
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